

John Sucks 313 Strand

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ONE PENNY

AN IMPUDENT PUPPY.

THE well-known caricaturist "Ph'z" here favours us with a sketch of an impudent puppy—we beg pardon, two impudent puppies: one human, the other strictly canine. The former is anxious to know what those little girls are carrying in that basket; the other is equally desirous of ascertaining what those young ladies are doing behind that wall. There are so many other points of resemblance between the two heroes of the design, that the natural historian may almost regard them as belonging to one and

the same species; and therefore, in describing the impudent puppy (or rather, we should say, the puppy alone, for what puppy is *not* impudent?), we need scarcely state whether we have in view the biped or quadruped, for what applies to the latter applies to the former, and vice versa.

The puppy, then, is a carnivorous, herbivorous, and, in fact, omnivorous animal. He is to be found in all parts of the metropolis, but is most conspicuous at the West-end, where he is easily recognised by his long ears, his stiff collar, and his sleek coat (in the evening he wears a tail).

The puppy's head is chiefly remarkable for his hair, which was formerly observed to be long, greasy, and curly: though, in the latest specimens that we have seen, it is decidedly short.

The puppy's body is usually slim. His feet are small, his movements irregular. He is fond of hopping and dancing, but appears to walk with difficulty. He is easily fed, as he will eat anything; sole, salmon, or turbot, venison, or any kind of butcher's meat, pastry, cheese, &c. He will drink whatever is given to him.

It is long before the puppy shows signs of intelligence, and some of these animals never exhibit any as long as they live. He begins



THE IMPUDENT PUPPY.

at an early age to be troublesome to those around him, but fortunately he can always be quiet. If a piece of looking-glass be given him to play with. With this innocent toy the thorough-bred puppy can be amused and interested for hours together.

The puppy has one or two slight maladies in the course of his life, from which it appears impossible to escape altogether. Thus, all puppies appear to suffer a considerable irritation shortly before their first molar tooth appears, to allay which they take every opportunity of rubbing and scratching the chin, until at last the beard fairly comes out, when the puppy appears satisfied.

Sometimes, too, the puppy is attacked with hydrocephalus, and will not touch water, though he shows the greatest readiness to imbibe all liquids containing a certain proportion of alcohol. When the illness has produced its effect he may be seen staggering and rolling from side to side in the most alarming manner.

As soon as the puppy is old enough he begins to manifest his well-known passion for the chase. At first he will run after anything, whatever the size or whatever the plumage, but he soon finds that this kind of sport is of no use as all contrive to avoid him with equal success. About this period the puppy is frequently very unruly, and an application of the stick may be found advantageous, but, for the most part, it is only necessary to hold it up in order to bring him at once to order.

As the puppy becomes older and more experienced, either he becomes a thorough cur, or else tucks down into a quiet, well-behaved, and sometimes exceedingly jolly dog. The genuine puppy, however, becomes inevitably a cur, and never loses his habit of following. But as the cur has no sort of sense or instinct, he contrives to follow all kinds of game alike. Sometimes he will succeed in catching a live bird, some black chattering magpie, but all the beautiful ones, such as the tender and timid dove, take to flight at his approach, or else some more daring and powerful bird—their natural protectors—make their appearance, and falling upon the malignant cur, injure him and drive him away.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD OF PARIS.

A PARIS letter of Sunday has the following:—"They may put what weight they will upon Gladiateur, he will carry all before him—that is to say, he has all his horses before him until the close, when Grimani & lets him as it were, at the finish, and dashes by the post several lengths ahead of his opponents. He won a splendid prize this afternoon, a beautiful statue of Victory, together with a gold statue of some 600s., beating his stable companion Mandarino, and M. Charles Lefèvre's Génitrix, which came a bad third to the post. The well-known colours, blue and red, were again victorious in the next race, which Count Lagrange also won with his mare Fleurie; but here his career of triumph is likely to end for the present, as no French horse will be likely to run for any of our great prizes in England this season with any chance of success, and he may even hope to carry off the Grand Prix, so that no sporting Gaul will wear the blue ribbon of the turf besides his red ribbon of the Legion of Honour this season. The racecourse was again crowded with brilliant equipages, and legitimate attachment would seem to be coming into fashion, as it was observed that the carriages of the fair denizens of the *deux mondes* were eclipsed by those of many *messieurs*; those especially of M. Agudo and the Duchess of Mouchy may be cited as instances of almost unapproachable perfection. The Emperor came to the course with the Prince of Denmark. His Majesty was enthusiastically received; but those who came with him most were grieved to see his features streaked over with the pale cast of thought." His Majesty, however, walked about the course and conversed for some time with his Minister of the Interior."

SERGEANT DARRAGH—It was our pleasure to record, in our last week's number, the trial and sentence of the above unhappy man, who so far forgot his duty to his Sovereign, his country, and his profession, as to allow himself to be seduced by French traitors into gross tampering with his allegiance. About the justice of his sentence there cannot be the slightest doubt; but we turn with heartfelt pleasure from that ungracious topic to the act of mercy which has spared the misguided man, for years, we trust, of refection and repauperation. We believe we shall be justified in saying that Darragh owes his life solely to the Queen's goodness of heart, as well as to her Majesty's full reliance on a genuine appreciation of the universal loyalty of the army. We have been informed that the Privy Council were unanimous in pressing upon the Queen the absolute necessity of allowing the law to take its course, and that so urgent were the remonstrances of the council, that her Majesty had actually permitted the death warrant to be signed. Very shortly after, however, her Majesty's representations to the Privy Council of the capital punishment returned in such strong language that orders were sent to cancel the warrant; and, by the Queen's own personal direction, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude.—*United Service Gazette*.

AN ACTRESS'S WARDROBE—The Civil Tribunal has just tried an action brought by a tradesman against Abel against Madeline Dufeu, a well-known actress of the *Bouffes-Parisiens*, to recover the sum of 5,500s. (£240) for goods delivered in 1854, in the short space of two months. Among the items of the account were:—A long velvet jacket, £26; two pink satin dresses, one at £32 and the other at £20; a ball dress, £24; a silk dress, £25; a domino £29; &c. It appeared from the statement of counsel that defendant was a minor when the debt was contracted, but that she attained her majority in October last, and having refused to pay the plaintiff the present proceedings were commenced. The counsel for the defendant pleaded his client's minority at the time of taking the goods; also that they had been in a manner forced on her by the plaintiff and his agents at the time when her salary was utterly inadequate to justify such an expenditure; and, lastly, that the prices were extravagant. The tribunal rejected the plea of minority but decided that some of the prices were exorbitant, and accordingly reduced the plaintiff's demand to £168, for which sum it gave judgment with costs.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS REBECCA—The marriage of her Royal Highness Princess *Rebecca* and Her Serene Highness Prince Christian of Sonnenwinkel-Hohenstein will, it is understood, be celebrated in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. This small but handsome building is situated at the end of the famous St. George's Hall or banqueting-room, and is close to the private apartments occupied by the royal family. The chapel is being prepared for the ceremony.

EXCITING SCENE AT A MENAGERIE—One other day, while Woodville's Menagerie was being exhibited at Stirling, D'Avey, the lion tamer, entered the den with the performing group of lions, when he was placed in rather an alarming position by one of the lions suddenly turning round upon him, and seizing him by the left leg. D'Avey, with great presence of mind, seized his rifle and brought it down with full force upon the lion's head, breaking the stock of the rifle in two, and freeing himself from the grasp of the lioness. At the next performance the lion tamer again entered the den, when the lioness immediately flew at him a second time. D'Avey was well prepared for her, being armed with a heavy stick, when a severe struggle ensued as to who was to be master, the lioness repeatedly flying at D'Avey, and seizing him by the right leg. D'Avey, with great presence of mind, seized his rifle and brought it down with full force upon the lion's head, breaking the stock of the rifle in two, and freeing himself from the grasp of the lioness. At the next performance the lion tamer again entered the den, when the lioness immediately flew at him a second time. D'Avey was well prepared for her, being armed with a heavy stick, when a severe struggle ensued as to who was to be master, the lioness repeatedly flying at D'Avey, and seizing him by the right leg. D'Avey, with great presence of mind, seized his rifle and brought it down with full force upon the lion's head, breaking the stock of the rifle in two, and freeing himself from the grasp of the lioness.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE—For 2s. (or free by post for 2s. a week), *One* with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pen-cases and Pencils, &c. *The PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL* was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 400,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKERS and GUNN, 26, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

Notes of the Week.

A YOUNG man, a servant at the Railway Terminus Hotel, London Bridge, who had been down to Dorking on a visit to his friends on Sunday, on his reaching London-bridge Station unfortunately stepped out of the carriage before the train stopped, and fell between the platform and the carriage. He was cut to pieces, several carriages having passed over his body.

DR. LANCASTER held an inquest in Great Windmill-street, St. Giles's, on Saturday, at which there were some incidents of an extraordinary character. The inquest was on the body of a child nine years old, named Toovey, who in September last swallowed the part of a bone needle case. The evidence shows that he retained this until February, when he one day coughed it up. Death was caused by an abscess in the right lung, this arising from a wound made by the portion of needle case. After the death of the child a medical man was instructed to make a post-mortem examination; but the parents objected, and even threatened to stab the postman and the surgeon if they proceeded with their work. It was only at the pressure of a priest that they consented to the examination being made. At the inquest the mother was very violent; and such a crowd gathered about that something like a riot was anticipated. The mother was with some difficulty persuaded to give evidences of identity, &c., but insisted, and loudly, that she would have back the bit of bone that her child had thrown up. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

We regret to have to state that the modelling rooms of Baron Marochetti, the eminent sculptor, situated in the Fulham-road, were almost wholly destroyed by fire on Saturday evening. It is understood that the workmen were then engaged in casting a part of one of the colossal lions in bronze, intended to ornament the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar-square, when a part of the building caught fire from the overheating or from sparks from a furnace fire, and before the fire could be extinguished the roofs of the modelling rooms were in great part destroyed, and the moveable property within the building seriously damaged by water and fire together.

On Monday two inquiries were held by Mr. W. Payne, Southwark coroner, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, regarding two deaths by fire. In the first case the sufferer was John Tickler, aged eighty-six, a dyer, who lived alone in a room at 6, Helmet-court, Blackfriars. On the 5th inst. his landlord, John Reed, heard loud screams of "Fire! help!" coming from his room, and upon going thither found him standing in the middle of the floor with his clothes all on fire. He was crying piteously, and was terribly burnt. With much difficulty Reed extinguished the fire. The deceased was removed to St. Bartholomew's hospital, where he was attended by Mr. Orton, the house-surgeon. His case, however, was hopeless, and he died on Friday week. A verdict of "Accidental death by fire" was returned. The second case related to the death of James Gardner, aged fifteen. All that was known of the deceased is that he went recently to a street stallkeeper named Charles Acroft, of 2, Hartshorn-court, St. Luke's, and asked for employment. Acroft said to him, "Before I give you work tell me your history." The boy replied that he had no father or mother. He had walked up from Bradford to London. He had given no further account of himself. Acroft gave him occasional employment. On the morning of the 5th inst., he was sent to buy some naphtha. A young woman named Elizabeth Madama said that he came into her house, No. 2, Hartshorn-court, and said that some of the naphtha had split in his pocket and wet his coat, and he went to dry it at the fire. His coat suddenly blazed up, and he rushed out into the street. Police-constable Elwin Bent, 28 G, said that his attention was drawn to the deceased by people in the street shouting out, "A boy is on fire!" The deceased was standing on the pavement in flames. A woman threw a pail of water over him, but it only appeared to make the fire blaze the more. The witness got a shawl, and, by wrapping it around the deceased, contrived to smother the flames. Part of the ironwork of a naphtha lamp was hanging out of his coat-pocket. The witness had him conveyed to the hospital. Mr. Orton, surgeon, said the deceased was burnt all over the body. There was no chance of saving his life, but everything possible was done for him. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death through the ignition of naphtha."

On Sunday afternoon, one of the female assistants at the refreshment-rooms on the Windsor platform of the Waterloo-road Railway Station found a small paper parcel in one of the water-closets adjoining the ladies' waiting-room, and upon an examination the parcel was found to contain the dead body of a fine newly-born male infant. There was a dark-coloured mark under one of the ears of the child, as if it had suffered from violence. The body was transferred to the charge of a constable to await an inquiry. The whole of the orders connected with the London General Omnibus Company have struck for an advance of wages. They have been receiving 21s. a week, besides certain sums given to them daily by the drivers and conductors, making on the whole an average of 30s. a week. They have now struck for an extra 6s. a day.

DREADFUL MURDER IN DRURY-LANE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

SHOENLY after six o'clock on Tuesday morning another fearful tragedy was brought to light, a shocking murder having been committed in the densely-populated neighbourhood known as Featherstone-court, Drury-lane. It appears that a man named James Whitley, a bricklayer's labourer, with his wife and six children, lived on the third floor, at No. 8, in this court. The eldest of the children, a boy, left his home to go to work, and shortly after that the next in age was sent by his mother to fetch some bread. A short time after the latter had gone a man named Maddison, living at No. 5, opposite, heard faint screams of "Murder." He accordingly went to the house, the cry of "Murder" being continued. In the meantime the screams had aroused some of the other lodgers, who, on ascending the stairs, found the unfortunate woman Whitley lying at the bottom of the second flight bleeding profusely from the neck. They endeavoured to get a word from the poor creature, but she had ceased to breathe. Police-officer 128 F and Sergeant Oberpoll were soon on the spot, and Dr. Welsh and Harvey were prompt in their attendance. Both of the medical men were of opinion that the deceased had been dead no short time, and the little boy was ordered to be conveyed to St. Clement's dead-house. The constables, on entering the room, found a frightful spectacle before them. To the left on entering was the wretched man Whitley, crouched in a pool of blood, with his head nearly severed from his body and resting against the wall. In the centre of the room was a large quantity of blood, which had evidently come from his wife, and it could be seen that the woman had crawled to the door, and from thence to the stairs, where she must have fallen. By the side of the man was a large clasp-knife, with which he must have first cut his wife's throat, and then his own. There was a miserably-clad French bedstead in the room, in which Whitley and his wife slept, and at the foot there were four young children on the floor in a deplorable condition. The screams of the little ones were, it seems, not heard till after those of the mother. Whitley was at one taken to King's College Hospital, with no hope of recovery.

From the statement of the sister of the murdered woman, who was sent for, it seems that formerly both lived happily together. Of late, however, there had been a good deal of drinking going on, and it was not unfrequent, as the neighbours state, to hear them quarrelling and fighting. The children have been removed by the authorities to the workhouse. The home itself was of the most deplorable description, containing scarcely a vestige of furniture.

Foreign News.

ITALY AND PRUSSIA.

The *Neues Freudenblatt* publishes the following particulars as to the alleged offensive and defensive treaty of alliance between Prussia and Italy:—

"Italy engages to declare war against Austria as soon as Prussia shall have either declared war or committed an act of hostility. Prussia engages to carry on the war until the mainland of Venice, with the exception of the fortresses, and the city of Venice, either is in the hands of the Italians or until Austria declares herself ready to cede it voluntarily. The Prussian Government further engages to obtain for Italy the possession of the mainland of Venice, always excepting the fortresses, and will guarantee to Italy the maintenance of her present possessions. King Victor Emmanuel upon his part declares that he will attack Austria upon the Mincio with 80,000 men and will throw 40,000 across the Po; at the same time the Italian fleet will cruise in the Mediterranean, will occupy the Austrian men-of-war, and make an attack upon Venice. King Victor Emmanuel further promises not to lay down his arms until the Prussians shall be in legal possession of the Eibe-Dubius. The treaty is dated March 27, 1866, and signed by both Courts."

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

A Vienna letter, of April 18, says:—"Yesterday morning Baron Werther, the Prussian minister of this Court, called on Count Mensdorff and communicated to him the contents of a despatch which he a few hours previously had received from Berlin. The official document, a copy of which was left in the hands of the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, is said to be exceedingly laconic. Prussia positively refuses to 'demobilize,' and persists in accusing Austria of making preparations for an attack on her. In the course of the afternoon a Cabinet council was held here, and to-day it is currently reported that an order for placing the Austrian army in readiness to move is likely soon to be given. We learn from Breslau that a Prussian army of 60,000 or 70,000 men has been collected in the neighbourhood of Gorlitz in Prussian Silesia, and if such really be the case it is highly probable that the furlough men belonging to the regiments which are lying in the north-east part of Bohemia should be called in. It is generally believed that the Austrian army can be placed on a war footing in a fortnight, but I was yesterday assured that the thing cannot be accomplished in less than six weeks. Very many of the Austrian regiments have been moved to their several recruiting districts, so that in case of a furlough men can be placed under arms in the course of a few hours."

The following petition in favour of the maintenance of peace has been presented by the Berlin Chamber of Commerce to His Majesty the King:—

"This Chamber of Commerce, called upon by their duty towards the commerce of Berlin, and urged thereto by the pending danger of war, venture to approach the throne with the humble request to avert such a misery from the country."

"Prussia owes the state of prosperity to which she has arrived under the rule of the Hohenzollerns to the industry of her citizens. This prosperity is threatened with annihilation. The very fear of the approaching war has already acted prejudicially on all commercial enterprises."

"The real out-break of a war in Germany would destroy the fruits accumulated during decades of peace; would swallow up the capital amassed by the sweat of our brows; would rend asunder the commercial combinations so laboriously established; would ruin the welfare of the people for many years to come, and would thus endanger the real power of the kingdom."

"There are cases where the honour of Prussia and of Germany being really endangered, the greatest sacrifices would be a duty. If the honour or independence of our Fatherland were threatened, the Prussian people would, as formerly, willingly undergo all sacrifices and dangers."

"But we cannot admit that such is the case in the present instance. Even victory in a civil war would bring ruin with it to Prussia."

"As representatives of weighty interests in the prosperity of the people, we feel it is our duty, even if too late, to approach your Majesty with the following dutiful petition."

"May it graciously please your Majesty to dispense the fears entertained of an injurious war, and to restore to your people the blessed security of peace."

ATROUS MURDER OF A LITTLE GIRL NEAR GATESHEAD—A most brutal outrage has been perpetrated in the borough of Gateshead. About a quarter to nine on Friday night a man named Joseph Burns was proceeding from Carr's Hill to the High Felling, in company with his wife. Shortly after they had passed the farmstead of Mr. Bowell which during the autumn of last year was the scene of so many supposedince diary collisions, they discovered a little girl apparently about five years of age, lying by the roadside, motionless. They attempted to lift the little creature; but in doing so, to their horror and dismay they found that the child was dead. Its little hands were bound tightly together, while around its neck a cord was tightly drawn. On making a closer examination they found that the person of the girl had been violated in a most shocking and horrible manner. The lower part of the body had been cut with a knife, and the child was completely covered with blood. Mr. Burns and his wife lost no time in communicating with the police. The body of the child who has been the victim of this atrocious outrage has been identified as that of Sarah Melvin, between five and six years of age, and the daughter of Michael Melvin, hawker, who lives at the Blue Quarrier. She was last seen alive about five o'clock on Friday night, when she was at the High Felling, crying for her mother. Melvin and his wife had been separated for some time, but are now living together, and last night they passed on their way home from the High Felling by a road, not far from the scene of the murder, and about the time at which it is supposed that the heartless crime was committed. Mr. Superintendent Elliott examined every inch of the ground to obtain a clue to the perpetrator of the dreadful outrage, but so far nothing has transpired to lead to the discovery of the villainous fellow. He will, however, continue vigorously to prosecute his inquiries, and he is not without hope that his efforts may be ultimately crowned with success, and the wretch brought to justice. The body of the child has been removed to the residence of her parents. A coroner's inquest will of course be held.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

APPREHENSION OF AN ABSCONDING CASHIER—It was stated some time since that defrauded us on the Worcester Savings Bank to the amount of between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* had been discovered, and that the supposed culprit was Benjamin Bolton Wilkins, the cashier, who left Worcester suddenly in August last. Detective Whitehouse was despatched to New York in pursuit. He left Liverpool on the 21st of March, arrived in New York on the 2nd instant, apprehended Wilkins on the 4th, started for England the same day, arrived at Liverpool on Saturday morning, and reached Worcester the same evening.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES—For every home, are the simplest, cheapest and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 113, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactury Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

BYRDALL ALL COMPETITION—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateur supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—[Advertisement.]

SHOCKING MURDER AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

A SHOCKING murder has taken place at Tunbridge Wells. The woman who is charged with the crime is named Ann Lawrence, twenty-nine years of age, and lives at 2, Ebury-cottages, London-road. She has been living for some time with a man named Walter Higham, who obtains a livelihood by hawking vegetables. On Saturday morning the man and woman and two young children were found together, and about five o'clock the woman got out of bed, went down stairs, and got a billhook, with which she set upon the man, striking him over the head several times. He made his escape into an adjoining house. The woman then seems to have got a razor and cut the throat of a boy about four years of age. Dr. Davy, who was the house-surgeon to the Infirmary, was called in, and the man was removed to that institution. He was found on examination to have four large wounds on his head, and about a dozen cuts on his back. His right arm was quite cleft through, while on his left hand there was a large wound, and his left wrist was dislocated. The prisoner was brought before the magistrates. The first witness called was a woman named Mary Taylor, wife of a bricklayer's labourer, living at No. 3, Ebury-cottages, who said: At about half-past five o'clock this morning I heard a noise of "tussling" in the bedroom of No. 2, occupied by the prisoner and the man with whom she was living. I don't know the man's name. There were two children living in the house also—a baby and a little boy. At about twenty minutes before six o'clock I heard a great screaming of "Murder." There were two voices screaming—a man's and a woman's. I took no notice of the screaming for a minute or two, and then I heard the man calling out, "Misssus, misssus! come in and assist me. Go for a doctor, or I shall die!" I then got up and came down stairs, and went into the back yard. There I saw the man at Mrs. Mowcumber's, of 1, Ebury-cottages. I went to the front of the house, and saw a prisoner outside. When I went round the house she said, "I want you to come in." When I went in there was a policeman there. There was blood all over the house. The prisoner was covered with blood. Prisoner spoke to me, and said, "Will you take my baby, Mrs. Taylor?" I took the child, and washed it, and dressed it. The child was spotted with blood. The prisoner said, "He has killed my child; it was not his, and he never liked it." She said, "The man has killed my child." I supposed she meant the man she was living with when she said, "The man." I heard her say to somebody, "You dirty—I said I would do it, and you have driven me to it. See what it has brought you to. Live like this I won't." That was about half-past five o'clock. This was said before I heard the cries, "Misssus, misssus, come in," and before the cries of "Murder." The man was in Mrs. Mowcumber's wash-house when I went into the prisoner's house. I think he went out of the front door of the prisoner's house into Mrs. Mowcumber's house, but I did not see him. When I washed and dressed the baby the prisoner was in the room, just going to wash and dress herself. The baby was in her arms when I went into the house, in its night-gown. During the time I was doing this the prisoner was washing herself and taking off her things, which were covered with blood. The prisoner had a dark stuff dress and an apron on. Both these things were saturated with blood. Her sleeves were stripped up, and her arms and face were covered with blood. I was in the house altogether about an hour. Prisoner did not speak either to me or the policeman. I did not see the child I did not go upstairs. Police-constable May said he went to the prisoner's house, at about six o'clock that morning, and in a bedroom he found the body of a child with its throat cut, and a razor, which he produced, remaining in the wound. Police-constable Hanley corroborated the evidence of the previous witness, and produced a billhook, which he found behind a portion of a faggot in the prisoner's house. He asked the prisoner if she had wounded the man Walter, and she said, "Yes, I did." He showed her the billhook, and she said "That is what I did it with. I meant to do for him, for he as brought me into all this trouble." She said it was all through another woman coming to see him who lived at Malling. Superintendent Emery, who took the prisoner into custody, deposed to the following statement made by her. He said after he had been upstairs and seen the dead body of the child he asked her the name of it, and she said, "His name is Jeremiah Lawrence, and he was four years old last March. It is my husband's child." He then went and saw the man Higham. On his return he told the prisoner he must take her into custody for the murder of her child, and attempting to murder Higham. She said, "All the man got I gave to him; I meant to kill him, and am sorry that I did not. I did not kill the child." Just before this a man named Holland came in, and asked for a shirt for Higham, and prisoner said, "Don't let that man come in here. He shan't come in. He has been the cause of all this. He has gone with my husband to the woman's house who has caused all this mischief." After prisoner had been locked up for some hours she called the superintendent, and asked him if she should have an opportunity of saying anything before the magistrates, and expressed her determination to tell the truth, provided it was taken down in writing. He told her she would be able to say what she pleased then, but advised her to say nothing about the crime to him.

The evidence of Higham was taken at the infirmary, and his statement was, that on the Friday previous the prisoner went to London, and on her returning home she commenced swearing at him, because she thought that he had been with another woman; and the little boy (the murdered child) was crying, and his pins were dirty. They went to bed all right, and in the morning, at about five o'clock, the prisoner got up, and on being asked the reason why by Higham, she replied that she intended to make a fire. She went down stairs and took hold of the baby, about nine or ten months old, and while holding it in his right arm on his breast he went to sleep, the murdered boy lying on the foot of the bed. Some time afterwards he was woken by several blows levelled at his head by the prisoner, who was armed with a bill-hook, and in endeavouring to ward off repeated blows, he held up his hands, while she cut in a frightful manner with the bill-hook, the lower knuckle of the middle finger of the right hand being cut completely through. He succeeded in pushing her away against a sieve that was in the room, and slid down stairs into the washhouse, where she again attacked him with the same weapon. He, however, succeeded in overpowering her, and wresting the bill-hook from her. She then laid hold of the hair of his head, and thrust him several times against the wall, and hit him with her fist, his loss of blood being now so great that he was too weak to resist her. The prisoner, at the time the man's depositions were taken at the infirmary, subjected him to a severe cross-examination, accusing him of ill-treating the murdered child, which was her legitimate son, and also with locking her out of the house whilst he went with another woman who had an illegitimate child by him. The whole of these accusations the man denied, assuring that he had at all times behaved kindly both to the prisoner and the deceased, having on the Friday taken him out all day for a ride in the pony-cart, but in piecing him on the pavement on Mount St. he slipped and smeared his pins with dirt, on account of which he was crying, when his mother saw him and accused Higham of ill using the child.

The chairman cautioned the prisoner in the usual way, after which she said, "I own to all but killing the child I can't own to that. I did not do it, and therefore I can't own to it."

The prisoner was then committed for trial at the next assizes at Maidstone on both charges, and walked from the dock with the greatest composure possible.

In the afternoon J. N. Duddow, Esq., the coroner for West Kent, held an inquest at the Infirmary on the body of the murdered boy Jeremiah Lawrence. The jury, without a moment's consultation, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Ann Lawrence.

BARBAROUS AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN CANNON-STREET.

MR. W. PAYNE, the coroner for the City of London, opened an investigation, in the vestry-room of the church of St. Antholin, Watling-street, into the circumstances of the murder of Sarah Millson, on the premises of Messrs. Bevington, in Cannon-street, on last Wednesday week. The jury having viewed the body, Elizabeth Lowes was then sworn. She said: I am cook to Mr. Bevington, at No. 2, Cannon-street West. The Messrs. Bevington are wholesale leather sellers. I have been ten years in their service. Sarah Millson was in their service for the same time. We went there together. She was housekeeper. I did not know her before she went there. There were no other servants there. The house is a place of business—not a residence. She never gave me a history of herself. Her husband came to the place with her. The deceased's husband was a warehouseman. He died six years ago. They lived comfortably while he was alive. He lived with her in the house. I do not know of any one paying his addresses to her since her husband's death. She used to receive letters. They sometimes came from her niece or her sister and sometimes from persons I did not know. She had a desk and a box and a chest of drawers, and a few japanned cases. She was generally in good spirits. She told me that she had been married to her husband seven years when she first came. She did not tell me that she had been married before. The time for shu ting up the premises was seven in the evening. After that hour the only entrance to the house was by the front door in Cannon-street. People used very often to come after that hour. Mrs. Millson generally opened the door. She generally preferred to do so, saying the people were for her. I have sometimes opened it when she was not well. Miss Cox used to come and sometimes her mother. I never let in any male person but once. That was three years ago. I do not know who he was. I saw him neither before nor since to my knowledge. He left no name, but as Mrs. Millson was out, he said he would call again. He was a short stout man. I told Mrs. Millson about him when she came in, and she seemed to know who he was, and said "Oh, very well." She never mentioned him since. On Wednesday evening she let Mr. Kips, the last person who left the house, out at ten minutes past eight o'clock, and she brought up the key, and said to me that they were all gone. I sat talking with her until twenty minutes past eight, when I went into my bedroom. I left her in the dining-room, and I did not go back there till ten minutes past nine o'clock. She was not there then. Just before I left my room the bell was rung, and she said, "That's for me," and passed down-stairs. There is a lobby inside the street-door, and it is separated from the counting-house by glass swing doors. To go to the stairs you have to turn to the left after entering the house. There is a large space (thirty or forty feet) between the glass door and the foot of the stairs, and packing cases are about in it. You cannot hear in the dining room what is going on in the lobby or at the foot of the stairs. I saw nothing and heard nothing until a quarter past ten o'clock. I then took the candle and went down. When I got two or three stairs from the bottom I saw her lying in the large space with her feet towards the stairs. Her feet were about two feet from the stairs, and she was lying on her back. Her head was towards the glass doors. I took hold of her hand, and called her, but she did not answer. I ran to the street door. The swing doors were shut, and I had to open them to pass through. I found the front door shut and fastened by three spring fastenings, but the chain was not up. Any one going out could have shut the door after him, and leave it in the state in which I found it. I had seen that there was blood all about the deceased. When I opened the door I found that it was pouring rain, and a young woman was standing there in the shelter. I asked her to come in, as there was a person in it. She said, "Oh, dear, I can't come in," and she ran away directly. I waited there until I saw a policeman, and I called him in. I went back with him to the housekeeper, and he told me to wait till he ran for a doctor. When the doctor came they washed her face, and they took her away. (The witness, who had been much affected while giving her evidence, here became quite hysterical.)

Police-constable Stephenon, 467, said that he was called to Mr. Bevington's on the Wednesday night by the last witness, at half-past ten o'clock. He fetched Dr. May to the deceased. He saw that the deceased was cut about the face. The street was dark about Messrs. Bevington's premises. There was no indication of a struggle; the blood was not splashed about.

Police-sergeant Ogden said that he entered the warehouse at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock on the night in question. He saw the deceased lying on her back. He found seven wounds on the head and face. There was a very deep wound in the skull on the left side of the head, another on the forehead, and four stabs on the face, one underneath the left eye, one on the right cheek, and one close to the right ear. He could not recollect where the other wounds were. He believed the injuries must have been done with a heavy iron, such as a small crowbar. He considered that the injuries on the head were done with the heavy blunt end of the instrument, and the stabs in the face with the sharp end. There was a crowbar near the deceased, found on the packing-boxes near the body, but it had neither hair nor blood on it.

The coroner desired that the crowbar should be sent for.

Adam Shelford, police inspector, was then sworn.

The Coroner: Now, if you in searching the deceased's boxes, found anything that it would be desirable for the ends of justice to keep secret, you can keep it so. I will leave the matter to your own discretion.

Witness: There are some things that it will be necessary to inquire into. There is a marriage certificate showing that Sarah Swan, widow, aged thirty-eight years, was married in Clerkenwell, to Edwin Millson, a commercial clerk, in 1853.

A small crowbar was here produced by Sergeant Ogden. It was a very heavy instrument, some eighteen inches long, with a "claw" at one end, and a chisel at the other. Such an implement was obviously one that could have produced the wounds found upon the head and face of the deceased.

Mr. W. C. May, surgeon, said that he was called in to Messrs. Bevington's at half-past ten p.m. on the Wednesday. He made an examination superficially of deceased and pronounced her dead. The body was quite warm. The body was removed to the dead-house, and he there examined it more minutely. He found a large number of wounds on the head and forehead. Both eyes were much swollen; they were what might be termed "black eyes," and there was a bruise on the nose. On the left lower eyelid there was a small wound of no great depth, and on the same eyelid a deep wound, an inch in length, and apparently produced by a sharp instrument. There was another wound between the left eye and the ear, penetrating to the bone. There were twelve wounds in all. There was a wound which penetrated the cartilage of the left ear, a severe wound nearly in the middle of the forehead, and another of the same size and character, a little further to the left, had been inflicted by a sharp instrument. On the side of the head, above the left ear, was a very large jagged, bruised wound, causing fracture of the skull. In the same part of the head was a sharply cut wound, upwards and downwards. There was a wound on the top of the head with jagged edges, and a similar one was nearly parallel to it. There were two wounds with smooth edges above the right ear.

The crowbar produced was the sort of instrument that would cause such injuries as those described. The heavy end would cause the bruted wounds, the chisel end might produce the cut wounds. The injuries could not have been self-inflicted. The injuries were sufficient to kill three or four people. The deceased lay in a pool of blood, and under her was found her cap, of course saturated in blood. Her clothes were not particularly disordered. There was no ap-

pearance of her having struggled. Some of the wounds, he believed, were inflicted after she fell on the ground. Some of them had no doubt been inflicted while she was erect. There was a little blood on the leg of a table in the place, but he saw no blood smeared about.

The coroner then adjourned the proceedings till next Wednesday.

THE CAREER OF A MURDERER.

LEIGH, the murderer of Mrs. Harton, at Brighton, who was executed at Lewes on Tuesday week, prior to his execution made a statement of the most extraordinary nature to the Rev. R. Barnet, the chaplain of the gaol, giving a short and concise account of his life. The rev. chaplain reduced it to writing. It is as follows:

"I am now twenty-six years old. I am of illegitimate birth, which, being of a sensitive disposition, has exercised upon me a malign influence throughout life. I was nursed, if not born, in London. Between six and seven years old I was taken to Brighton by a lady married to my father, who was consul of —. I was placed at a grammar school for a while, but at eight years old ran away, begging for about a week, until brought back by a policeman. I wanted to go to sea. After some months I was sent back to London, but led such a life that I had to return back to Brighton again. I could then boast of being the best fighter, the most mischievous, most artful, and the most expert thief of any child of my age. I was now taken in hand by one, the remembrance of whose gentle kindness, and my prodigal and ungrateful conduct in return, has caused me many a gloomy thought, and many a scalding tear. May God forgive me! She endeavoured by every Christian and kind effort to kill the weeds that had been sown in my young heart. But through her mistaken notion of kindness many were left and not rooted out. I was then sent to a boarding school and to a proprietary school, but had to be removed, as I was always in mischief and trouble. At thirteen I left school and would not go again, being determined upon the sea. So I was put on board a collier to sicken me of it, but it only increased my liking for it still more, although I was nearly wrecked with other colliers on that voyage—the winter of 1853. I soon came back to Brighton, and studied navigation with a private tutor. I was then apprenticed to Messrs. —, went out on board a transport with troops to the Crimea, remained until wrecked in the storm near Balaklava, was on the wreck two days and three nights, the Cossacks on shore firing at us, and the sea breaking clear over us. Returned home in another vessel, then went sundry voyages to India, Australia, and South America. My indentures were now cancelled and given me. I was nearly out of my time. I finished my apprenticeship—my employers were satisfied with my abilities—I received an excellent character, but my morals they never knew nor cared anything about. Between eighteen and nineteen I found myself as far advanced in vice as I was in my profession, my principles totally corrupted, and the religious instruction that had cost me so much anxiety only introduced when no other subject could be found to ridicule. After other voyages, shipped for Calcutta as second officer. There drink began to tell upon me. There was a mutiny on board. I nearly killed six of the mutineers; was tried for this at Calcutta; but the captain took my part, and I was only fined. I was made chief officer, but was always nearly drunk with brandy, &c. Through the same cause I lost other good appointments which I obtained from time to time. Was married in the East Indies to a Spanish girl by a Roman Catholic priest. Lived with her nine months at Calcutta. She followed me to China, and is now I know not where. After sundry voyages as chief officer and captain, I returned once more to England, but spent my time at Brighton in drinking, betting, &c. Had to leave through getting into trouble about some money which did not belong to me. Again shipped in an American vessel, and was very comfortable as chief officer, but soon took again to drinking. At length I sailed in a Scotch clipper to Hong Kong, and thence to Whampoa. When we could not get away properly, we—four of us—broke up a meat cask, &c., and got to shore on a raft. Was then employed to steal away sailors from men-of-war, &c., and other vessels; but, being found out, I had to leave. At Singapore I next managed a sailors' boarding-house for some months. Then sailed again for Singapore. We soon went up the country and joined the Taiping rebels. We used to smuggle arms and ammunition up to them, and also men from ships of war. At length I got so well known that I had to hide myself in Shanghai, and when picquets of English marines were sent to take me I only escaped by getting into one of those large coffins above ground, and laying there with the skeleton while they searched for me. Joined the rebels again—was a chief amongst them, leading their troops against the English, Imperialists, and French. I was then known by the name of Palmer. Was wounded in the head, chest, and leg, through constant skirmishes. In pirating up rivers contrived to save enough to buy a vessel of our own for the purpose of pirating and trading up the various rivers with arms and ammunition. On going up the river with a load of arms and conveying other boats, the Imperialists came out from one of their stations, and seized some of our boats and killed some of our men. I then rounded my own boat, and opened fire, and in the fight I killed two of their officers; the rest retreated. We sailed on, but having to pass another Imperialist station I found the news had arrived of the death of the two officers, and a description of myself. So, with five of my crew, we took a small boat and crossed the country to Ningpo, often carrying the boat. On my arrival I found that a heavy reward was offered for my head, dead or alive. I joined a crew, and went again pirating up the Yangtze Kiang. I was taken prisoner by a band of Tartar pirates whilst defending our own boat, but set free. Myself and others afterwards came down the river, and went cruising off the coast—but we had to escape, so anxious were they to take us. So at length I returned to England for the last time. There were eleven of us banded together, of whom three have been executed abroad. I am now to be the fourth. I was myself once brought to the block by the rebels, but an Englishman interfered and got me off, saying that I was not a spy as they supposed. On another occasion I was stoned by some of our baggage, which was struck by a cannon ball. On coming to my senses I found myself in an iron cage, but escaped at last. Four of us, European young men of some education, were infidels. We had a lot of infidel books—Paine's books, &c.—which we used to read together for amusement. I reached England in April, 1863, and have been in Brighton mostly since, drinking, gambling, public house keeping, and for a while had a photographic establishment. I was married again here, in Lewes, some nine or ten months ago, my former wife being still alive. Then I went to Brentford, kept a public-house there; but you know about all my mad doings there through drink—half a pint of spirits several times in the day and night was my habit of taking it. You know how I got into Oldbath-fields for damaging the house, and all about this sad business here in Brighton, for which I have to suffer. As I said at the end of my trial, I cannot justify the act, but I can account for it. I had many aggravations. I did not wish to hurt any of the police, but when the Inspector came up I had no alternative. In fact, he came somehow so un-aware that I had hardly time to think. I was aboard the Alabama for about six weeks. We joined her off the Osprey Good Hope."

During his confinement, and after his condemnation, Leigh wrote several letters to his friends, of which copies have been retained by the chaplain. In them all he expressed deep regret for his past ungodly life, and his belief that, through repentance, his sins are forgiven. Alluding to the murder in one of these, he says that after he shot Mrs. Harton he attempted to blow his brains out, but the cap on the revolver missed fire.

AN ORGANIST AND CHOIR CONVICTED FOR SINGING POPE'S ODE.

A very remarkable case has been brought before the magistrates at Southam, near Leamington, within the last few days, in which the organist and part of the choir of the parish church of Grandborough, an adjacent rural village, were prosecuted by the curate, the Rev. G. Richard Dallas Walsh, M.A., for singing Pope's Ode, "Vital spark of heavenly flame," contrary to his wish, for which offence they were convicted and fined.

The magistrates who heard the case were the Rev. Canon Pilkington, the Rev. W. S. Miller, Major Shuckburgh, and A. H. Taurby, Esq.

The defendants in the case were Mr. William Wood, of Rugby, organist; and Messrs. E. Weed, J. Hudson, H. Chambers, and W. Bennett, singers in the choir.

The circumstances of the case, which will doubtless prove a "cution" to organists and choristers generally, are briefly these:—Early in the month of March a member of the choir at Grandborough Church fell sick and died. After his interment the organist and choir resolved to honour his memory by singing "Vital spark" in the church on Sunday, the 18th. It seems that the Rev. Mr. Walsh has an objection to the composition, and learning on the previous Sunday the intentions of the choir, he told them he could not allow them to sing "Vital spark," but offered to substitute the well-known hymn, "Thy will be done," numbered 170 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." They, however, refused to sing any other piece but "Vital spark," and told Mr. Walsh he might give out what hymn he thought proper, they were determined only to sing that piece. During the ensuing week a lawyer was consulted, and he appears to have advised them that they had a right to sing "Vital spark" if they could get the churchwarden's consent. That functionary was next waited upon, and said he had no objection to "Vital spark" being "performed." Mr. Walsh, having been informed of these proceedings, warned the organist that the churchwarden had no power in the matter, and if they dared to sing the piece he would prosecute them. Matters went on thus until the following Sunday, when, at the conclusion of the Litany, the Rev. gentleman announced as the hymn the 170th "Ancient and Modern." As soon as he had concluded the lines the organist, true to his previous promises, struck the first chord of "Vital spark," upon which the choir rose and sang it. There was a good deal of confusion amongst the congregation, some regarding it as a capital joke, while others appeared shocked at the impropriety of the proceedings. The Rev. gentleman left the reading-deck, and passed along to the communion-table, and as he went by the choir he noticed several of them scoffing and jeering at him. He afterwards summoned them under the 23rd and 24th Vic., cap. 32, for having "disturbed, vexed, and troubled" him by their proceedings. He asked the magistrates to deal leniently with them, as his object was to teach them better, and not to punish vindictively.

Each of the defendants was fined 1s. and costs.

THE ROYAL CHARTER STEAM-SHIP.—This splendid steam clipper was wrecked on the 26th of October, 1859—above six years ago—in Moreira Bay, on the north coast of Australia, when about 880 persons lost their lives, and, although her treasures are constantly dived for, the wealth sunk with the hull seems to be inexhaustible. During the late spring tides 140 sovereigns were extracted from the wreck, and it is credibly reported that as the divers are enabled to get at the part of the vessel still under the sand thousands of pounds are yet to be recovered. The gold coins are as bright as if they had been newly coined. In the summer months visitors from all parts of the British Isles, Australia, and other countries seek this secluded spot to witness the scene of the terrible disaster. The rock, or rather the stone (now almost demolished in memory), to which John Rogers fastened the hawser seems to command peculiar interest.

THE PRINCE OF BOUMANIA.

PRINCE CHARLES of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who has been elected to rule the United Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia as Prince (or Hospodar) of Bomania, in the room of the deposed Prince Couza, is second son of Prince Charles Antoine, the head of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who, it will be remembered, renounced his rights in favour of the late King of Prussia in 1849, receiving the prerogatives of a palatine prince of the royal house, and who as late as 1861 was, in his own person only, raised to the rank of royal highness. The new ruler chosen for the Principalities is the issue of the marriage of his father to Josephine-Fredrica Louise, daughter of the late Grand Duke Charles Louis of Baden, and is now within a few days of completing his twenty-seventh year, having been born on April 20, 1839. The baptismal names given to his highness were Charles Eitel Frederick Zephyrin Louis. He is at present in the Prussian military service as an officer in the 2nd Regiment of Dragoons. His

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL'S CRIMEAN MEMORIAL.

OPPOSITE the Dean's-gate at Westminster Abbey is the memorial erected by the scholars of the Westminster School to the memory of their former school-fellows who fell in the Crimea. It consists of a polished column of coloured marble, surmounted by the patron saint of England, with four lions guarding the base. It forms a conspicuous object to those passing from Westminster Abbey to the Victoria Railway Station; but it is by no means imposing.

SMOKING ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Down in the basement storey, under the library, and looking on to the River Terrace, is the smoking-room or cigar divan of the representatives of the people (see page 709). It is there that those members who delight in the weed congregate to fight their battles over again, and to arrange future movements. It is a handsome chamber, and very suitable for the purpose. The ceiling is of panelled oak, perforated at intervals to give egress to the smoke. The walls are lined with Dutch tiles, and there are well-stuffed seats covered with green leather, in which the honourable members may sit or recline while they blow their clouds. The windows look on the Terrace, and on a cool summer's night, when the tide is up, it is exceedingly pleasant to loll upon the benches and enjoy the refreshing breeze. In a box let into the walls there is a bell, which, with some thirty others, rings when a division is called. And when this begins to tinkle, the scene is amusing. In a moment all discussion ceases. Cigars are laid down, hats are seized, and in a moment the chamber is empty, and its late occupants rush up-stairs. It is a trying run from the smoking-room to the house, as there is a long staircase, a longer corridor, and a considerable stretch across the lobby. The light weights do it easily, but the old and corpulent are often distressed and blown not a little before they reach the door. Our other illustration, on the same page, conveys a good idea of this rush.

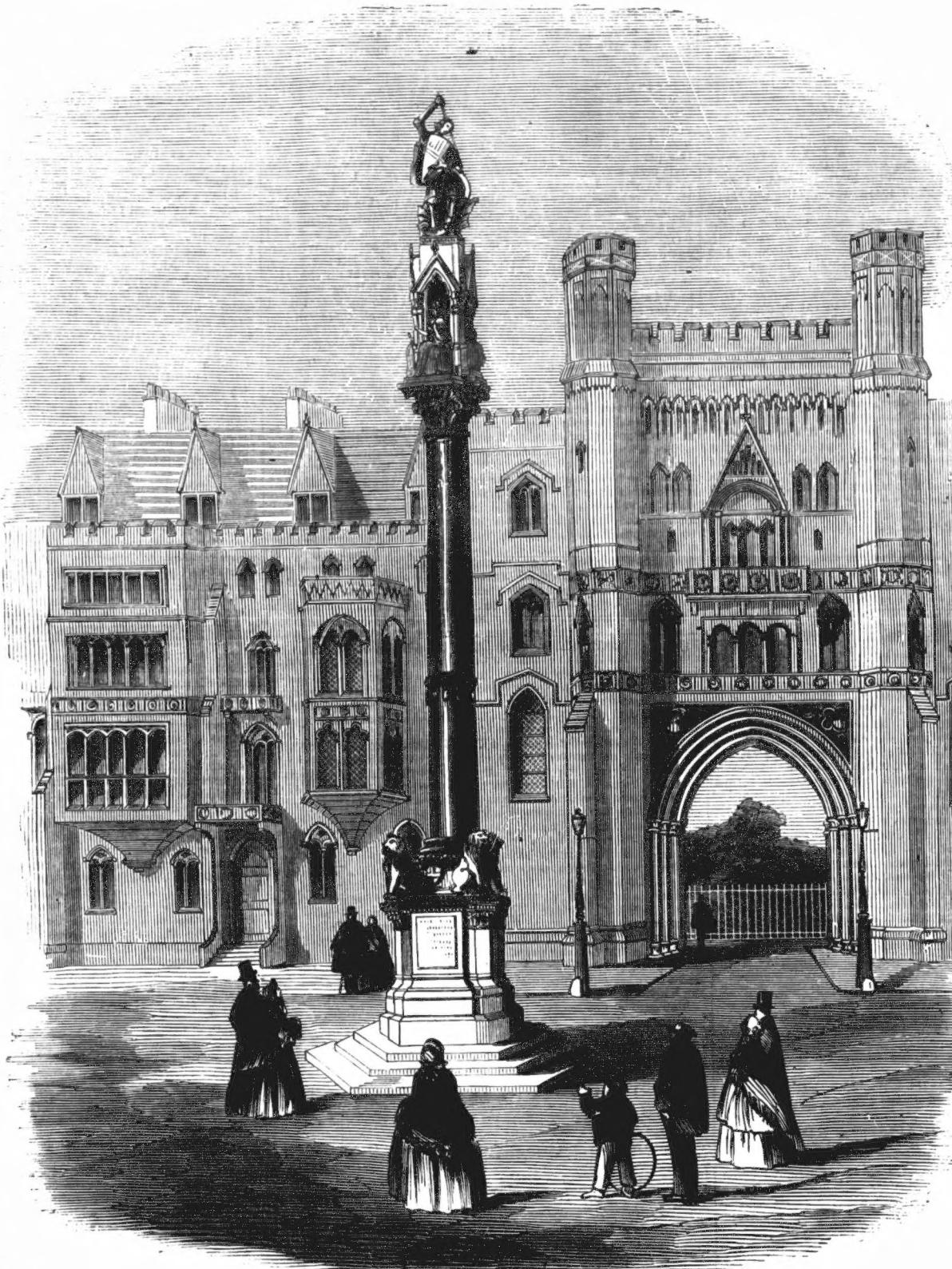
On the whole, though some members talk disparagingly of this room, and think that it ought not to have been provided, we are disposed to look upon it as a useful institution. Smoking, judiciously enjoyed, refreshes the faded spirits, soothes the ruffled temper, and quickens the dulled apprehension. Many of the midnight quarrels in the house may be traceable to after-dinner potations, but none of them to the soothing cigar. Is it not, in Indian phrase, the "calm of peace?" Indeed, we have sometimes thought that many knotty points instead of being "referred to the committee up-stairs" might be more advantageously sent down to the basement storey.

A FACT FOR MR. LOWE.—The petition from the inhabitants of the borough of Newport, Isle of Wight, and its vicinity, praying the Commons House of Parliament to pass the Government Reform Bill, received upwards of 640 signatures, and was forwarded to our Liberal member, Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday, for presentation. We may further remark, in proof of the

progress of education amongst the lower classes, that in the early days of agitation, when the question of reform and ourselves were young, it was impossible to get up such a document as the foregoing without a number of marks being affixed to it, and when at least one half of the names of the petitioners had to be signed by a brother shopmate; but on this occasion there was not a single operative amongst the number who crowded our office for the purpose of signing it who could not sign his own name, and many of them did it in such a manner as to make the higher classes blush for their orthography.—*Hants Independent*.

THE Bishop of London is recovering from his late alarming attack of illness. He is at present at Hastings, but hopes to be home again for his Trinity Sunday ordination. For the confirmations which will take place meanwhile several bishops have kindly volunteered their services.

The Very Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, has been appointed to the vacant see of Limerick.



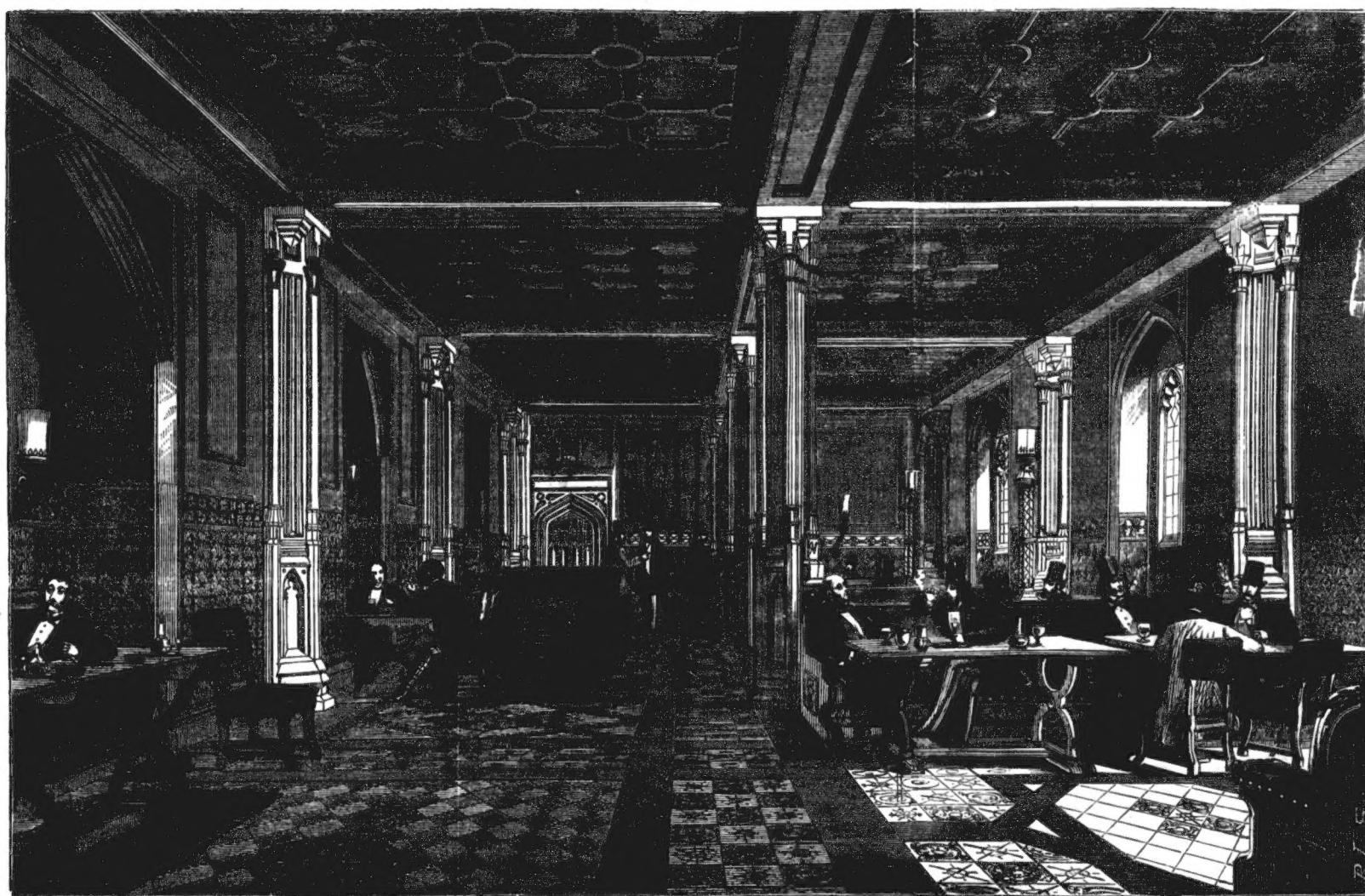
THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL'S CRIMEAN MEMORIAL NEAR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

highness has three brothers—Prince Leopold (the heir to the family honour), Prince Antoine, and Prince Frederick; also a sister, the Princess Marie. The new prince is connected with the reigning family of France; his aunt, the Princess Frederica-Wilhelmina, having married, in 1834, Joachim Napoleon Marquis Pepoli, grandson of the King of Naples, Joachim Murat.

FATE OF A "LION TAMER."—A man named Hermann, who had long exhibited as a "lion tamer," was proceeding with his performance a few days since at a town in Lower Austria. He entered a cage with a serpent on his back, and, according to custom, placed his head within the open jaws of a Senegal lion. It was his last exhibition, for the animal suddenly re-assumed his native ferocity, and before the head could be withdrawn it was a shapeless mass, the lion having literally crunched it. To prevent other mishaps, the king of the forest was despatched by firearms.



HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THE RUSH TO A DIVISION. (See page 708.)



SMOKING ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. (See page 708.)

The Court.

On Sunday afternoon, after a long interval, the band of the Royal Horse Guards played on the East Terrace of Windsor Castle by the command of her Majesty. The terrace was crowded by promenaders. The band will play on the terrace for the future during the Queen's absence from Windsor.

As it is found that the Royal Lodge, Windsor-park, cannot be got ready for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales by Ascot Races, his royal highness is in treaty for the occupation of Fir Lodge during that week. This house is near the race-course, and is one of the best in the neighbourhood.—*Court Journal.*

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Proceed to dress beds as neatly and expeditiously as the weather will permit. Sow mignonette, sweet peas, convolvulus, &c., and transplant biennials and perennials. Plant box-edging where required. Sow and plant climbers to run over arbours and fences. Finish planting carnations. Prepare beds for chrysanthemums, and those in pots, not required for propagation, may be planted out in borders. Sow stocks, rocket, polyanthus, &c. Look to grass plots and walks.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Get in all early general crops now that the weather is favourable, and make good sowings of cabbages, Brussels sprouts, beet, leeks, cardoons, lettuce, onions, radishes, and annual herbs. Plant potatoes for main crop. Sow kidney beans; also scarlet runner in a sheltered place. Prepare beds for mushrooms, and sow tomatoes and vegetable marrow in heat to plant out. Keep cucumber shoots well regulated. Prick out seedling cauliflower, salsify, &c.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Pine decayed shoots of all kinds, and regulate shoots; continue grafting, and give all recently planted trees plenty of mulching with good rotten dung, tan, or old short litter.

SUPPOSED FOUNDERING OF ANOTHER LARGE STEAMER, WITH ALL ON BOARD.—Another new large iron screw-steamer, similar to the ill-fated London Amala, and Grenadier steamers, is believed to have founder in every soul on board. She was the Nerbudda, 1,357 tons register, commanded by Captain Hardy, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steam Shipping Company, and was considered a first class steamer, having been built under special survey of Lloyd's surveyors. She was only launched last summer, and sailed from Liverpool for Bombay on the 18th November last, with a crew of about fifty hands. There is no doubt she encountered the full fury of those disastrous gales which from that time until the month of January swept the Atlantic. The New York packet-ship Albion, which arrived at Liverpool on the 21st November, reported having signalled her on the 19th in lat. 50° N., long. 9° W. She was then apparently in distress, being under canvas only, but the weather was too heavy for the Albion to bear down for her. As time wore on the premium to effect insurances on her gradually increased, until at last it stood at eighty-five guineas net per cent. This was upwards of a month since, and since then the underwriters have settled their loss, under full belief that the unfortunate steamer has founder, and will never more be heard of. It is expected that insurances were effected on her and her cargo to the extent of £80,000.

DEATH OF MR. HENRY HOARE.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hoare, banker of Fleet-street, which took place on Monday morning at his country residence, Staplehurst, Kent. It will be remembered that in the month of March, 1865, the deceased gentleman met with a serious accident, which caused a concussion of the brain, while travelling on the Great Eastern Railway from London to Cambridge, from the effects of which, however, it was thought he had recovered. On Thursday week he came to London for the first time since the accident, and went to his town house, New-street, Spring-gardens, accompanied by his daughter, where he remained till Saturday, when he returned to Staplehurst. On reaching there he complained of pains in the head, and Lady Mary Hoare at once resorted to medical aid, but human skill was of no avail, for he took to his bed and gradually sank. His death had occasioned deep regret, and his loss will be keenly felt by the poor, both in London and Staplehurst, towards whom he always evinced a kindly and benevolent disposition.

CURIOS CHARGE OF FORGERY.—At the Bow-street Police-court, a young man named John Griffin, late clerk in the service of Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co., formerly of Bouvere-street, publishers, and now of Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, was brought up in custody of Mawer, the warrant officer, on a charge of forgery. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Mullins, solicitor to the Committee of Bankers, who, in opening the case, stated that the forgery in question was committed as far back as December, 1861. At that time a lady named Phillipson, residing in the country, had purchased some books of Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co., and with those books was forwarded an invoice charging her with the price of the books, which was £1 3s., and £1 for the booking of the parcel. It appeared that Mrs. Phillipson forwarded in reply a letter in which she enclosed a cheque for £1 3s. That letter, no doubt, arrived at their establishment in Bow-street, but had never come into their possession. The practice was that letters delivered by post would be laid on the table until the arrival of one of the partners, who would open them, but the prisoner would have access to them in the meanwhile. At all events the invoice was returned through the post to Mrs. Phillipson with the signature Brown, Gould, and Co. added by way of receipt, and a stamp attached with the date inscribed on it. In February the cheque, which was drawn on Mrs. Phillipson's bankers, Messrs. Diamond and Co., was presented at their bank. It had in the mean while been ingeniously altered, by the figure "0" being added to the "3," and strokes being added to the word "three" to make it "thirty." This was so skilfully done that it escaped notice, and the cheque was paid. Some time after this, Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co., removed from Bouvere-street to Cranbourne-street, and at that time a list was made up of persons whose accounts remained unsettled. Amongst others the name of Mrs. Phillipson remained on that list as being indebted to the firm in the sum of £1 3s. Accounts were sent to all those persons, and amongst others to Mrs. Phillipson. This, however, never reached her, and the inference sought to be drawn from that circumstance was that some person in Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co.'s employment had suppressed the letter; but about the same time, the prisoner handed over to one of the firm a sum of £1 3s. 2d., saying that some woman had called after every one but himself was gone and had paid it to him as from Mrs. Phillipson. Here the matter rested till 1865, when Mrs. Phillipson had her account with Messrs. Diamond made up, which had not been done in 1861, in consequence of her having been absent from town. The fraud was then detected, and suspicion at once fell on the prisoner, from the resemblance to his writing in the endorsement of the cheque and the signature of the receipt. At that time, however, he had left Messrs. Brown, Gould, and Co.'s service. On Monday he was apprehended by Mawer on a warrant issued by the chief magistrate, Sir Thomas Henry. Mr. Mullins observed that, as Mrs. Phillipson was not in town, he should have to apply for a remand, in order that she might be enabled to attend. Evidence of these facts was given, and the prisoner was remanded.

General News.

A REMARKABLE cure by the transfusion of blood is said to have been effected at Beaulieu, not far from Tours. A gardener, while planting, splintered the palm of his hand, which bled so profusely that death must have ensued instantly if assistance had not been procured. A doctor, however, was immediately sent for, who took blood from a neighbour, and introduced it into a vein in the left arm of the man who was wounded. In a few minutes the patient recovered the use of his senses, which he had quite lost, and is now perfectly well. The surgeon is of opinion that death must have ensued if the operation had not been resorted to.

MANY suggestions have been made at Sunderland in respect of a time gun which the inhabitants require, and amongst other ideas is one from a town councillor, who, after maturely considering the expense, thinks they could at all events have a gun fired twice a week. The proposition was received with much merriment.

"THERE is a curious rumour here," says a letter from St. Petersburg, "that the project of marrying the Czarewitch to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark has now been abandoned. The young prince is said to have conceived a violent attachment for the young Princess Miszczorska, the daughter of the celebrated Russian priest, Eli-a."

FOR many years before his death the late Duke of Northumberland had refrained from drawing the half-pay to which he was entitled as admiral, but his executors, Earl Grosvenor, M.P., and Lord Redesdale, have received about £7,200 under this head. The present duke has, with much generosity of feeling, determined to appropriate the whole sum to naval charities. The Royal Naval Benevolent Society will receive £5,200, the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital £2,000, and the National Lifeboat Association the remainder.

AS the present moment is so critical in reference to a war in Germany, it may be well to let our readers know what forces the different German States can bring into the field. When on a full war footing the Austrian army consists of 579,000 men. The Prussian army, including the Landwehr, or militia, is composed of 566,150 men. In case of extreme need Bavaria can have an army of 90,000 men, but at present her whole available force is 59,948 men. The Hanoverian army is about 25,500 strong, and the Saxon is of the same strength. Wurtemberg can bring 28,000 men into the field, and Baden about 18,700. Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassel have together about 24,000 men under their command.

THE *Dirito* publishes the following letter from Garibaldi in reply to an address from the Democratic Society of Greece:—"Caprera, April 10, 1866.—My dear friends,—I not only agree to belong to your society, but I am grateful for the confidence you repose in me. I will serve the cause of Greece with the same devotion as that of my own country, and I regard you as brothers. Let the ancient classic land of Leonidas shake off the yoke of its oppressors, and the brightest day of my life will be that in which I am able to take a place in your ranks. With affection and gratitude, I am, &c., G. GARIBALDI.—To my friends in Greece."

KING LEOPOLD II, of Belgium, attained his 31st year on the 9th, his majesty having been born at the palace at Brussels on the 9th of April, 1835.

A TELEGRAPHIC communication has been effected between the convict establishment at Portland and Vurno Barracks, for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of military forces in case of need.

THE DEAD OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—Slowly and sadly the records of the late war are being completed. Since the overthrow of the rebellion the statistics of the army have been made up by patient investigation, so that as near as possible the cost of the dreadful conflict may be ascertained. We have now a partial revelation of the loss of life, in the summing up of the medical and hospital records, by which it appears that no less than 253,000 Union soldiers died on the battle-field and in hospitals. There are not included in this account the number of officers and soldiers who died at home, either from wounds or the effects of disease contracted in the service. The latter may be safely estimated at 47,000 more, so that the entire mortality by the rebellion in the armies of the North, by the casualties of the war may be put at 300,000. The remains of these gallant men are scattered all over the South; thousands of them sleep their last sleep on the field where they fell; many have been exhumed with care and reinterred in cemeteries near their former homes. The debt which the nation owes to these martyrs in the cause of freedom can never be paid. The American people have a legacy in their example for the encouragement of future generations that will brighten with time, and teach their descendants that patriotism is the first duty, and that to his country every one owes his strength, his courage, and his life-blood.

THE CASE OF CHARLOTTE WINSOR.—It will be remembered that after the convict Charlotte Winsor had been left for execution through the adverse judgment which the Court of Queen's Bench delivered in Hilary Term, Mr. Folkard obtained from the Attorney-General a stay for a writ of error to the Court of Exchequer Chamber, for the purpose of having the master further argued during Easter Term. The respite granted to the convict expires on the 14th of May; consequently the lapse of eight days from the 9th (when sittings after term commence, and when the convict will "assign error" in person) would involve another respite, should the judges not appoint a special sitting during term simply for the purpose of assigning error. This course will very likely be taken, and, as far as probabilities go, the case will be argued in the second week of May. During the Devon assizes Charlotte Winsor expressed a wish to see Mr. Folkard, the learned counsel who has conducted her case from first to last, and who was then in Exeter as a member of the bar travelling on the Western Circuit. Mr. Folkard replied to the effect that he would willingly comply with her request for an interview, provided it was in accordance with prison discipline. The rules are, however, to the effect that, in the case of a prisoner under sentence of death, the governor of the gaol must be present, and on the convict hearing of this he intimated that unless she could have a private interview with her counsel she would have none at all. The matter there ended.

THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.—On Monday at the Salford County Court a milk-seller named Lee sued a farmer named Timms to recover damages for having supplied him with milk largely diluted with water, to the injury of his (the plaintiff's) business. The plaintiff had about £200 worth of milk per year from the defendant, but in October last it was found that the milk was being diluted largely with water, and plaintiff lost some of his customers. A chemical analysis showed that the liquid contained 33 or 36 per cent more water than it should. The defence was that there was no more water put in than customary, and the defendant admitted that he also added a little beatling to give the fluid a good colour. He was a kind of local preacher in his village. The jury found for the plaintiff, damages £6 1s.

YOUNG'S ALUMINATED OINTMENT AND BUNION PLASTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufactory, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, E.C. London.—[Advertisement.]

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revived Antiseptic, yields twice the nourishment of the best meat and cereals, without medicine or ingredients, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Paroxysms of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cases annually. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 2s.; 24lbs. 4s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

A SAD END.

On the 25th of last month a man, named John Pask, 39 years of age, was taken before the borough magistrates, at Ipswich, on a charge of beggary. It was then stated that he was most respectably connected, being the nephew of the Rev. E. Pask, rector of Greeting St. Peter, and his three brothers being respectively major, captain, and surgeon in the army. Every effort had been made by his friends to reclaim him, but he led a dissipated life, and at last wandered about beggary from place to place. As it appeared that he was incorrigible the magistrates committed him for a month's hard labour. On his admission to the gaol he was found to be in a deplorable state, and unfit for work; every attention was shown him, and he seemed to recover his health somewhat, but he died rather suddenly on Wednesday week. Under the provisions of the new Act for the better regulation of prisons, a clear day must elapse between the death of the prisoner and holding the inquest, and the inquest was therefore not held till the following Friday, before Mr. Jackman, coroner. Mr. J. Snellgrove, the governor of the gaol, said the deceased was committed to his custody on the 26th of March, as an idle and disorderly person, for a month's hard labour. Deceased was thoroughly emaciated, and witness never remembered seeing a greater wreck of human nature. His clothes were a bundle of rags, and he was covered with vermin from head to foot. In consequence of his great debility he was not put to hard labour. On the day of his commitment he was seen by Dr. Hammond, and subsequently was examined by Dr. Hammond and Dr. Chevalier. He had remained under medical treatment from the time he entered the prison, occupying a separate cell and receiving every attention, a generous diet being prescribed. His health certainly improved after four or five days' imprisonment. He took exercise and attended chapel daily, and twice on Sunday. He gave his whole history, by which he found he was respectably connected, but he did not seem to feel his position. He wrote to the Rev. E. Pask, of Greeting, his uncle. Deceased had spoken to witness of what he intended to do on his discharge, and asked him to intercede with the magistrates on his behalf, that he might have relief provided for him. About half-past six on the morning of Wednesday week, witness was called to deceased, whom he found apparently in a fit, but when spoken to deceased recognised him. Dr. Hammond was sent for, but he died in a very few minutes. Dr. Hammond said when deceased first entered the gaol he was a most pitiable object, filthy from neglect, vermin, and disease. Witness found him to a most feeble and debilitated state, and exhibiting remains of extensive disease on various parts of the body, the result of dissipation. His constitution appeared entirely worn out. Witness ordered such a diet as the stomach could digest. Deceased had evidently taken no food of any consequence, and had lived almost entirely on ardent spirits. After a few days he was able to retain his food. Dr. Chevalier visited him at the request of his family. Every attention was paid to him by the officials of the gaol. Witness had not anticipated so sudden a death. The cause of death was a worn-out constitution. The Rev. E. Pask, rector of Greeting St. Peter, said the deceased was his nephew, and had been lieutenant in the Madras Infantry. For the last twenty years he had been in the habit of drinking. Every effort had been made to reclaim him from his vicious habits without effect. The greater part of the last twenty years he had spent either in gaols or lunatic asylums. Thousands of pounds had been spent to reclaim him, and every effort had been made to confine him in a lunatic asylum permanently, but his friends had not been able to get the requisite medical testimony. Witness was satisfied he had been labouring under mental aberration. The jury returned a verdict that deceased died from a worn-out constitution.

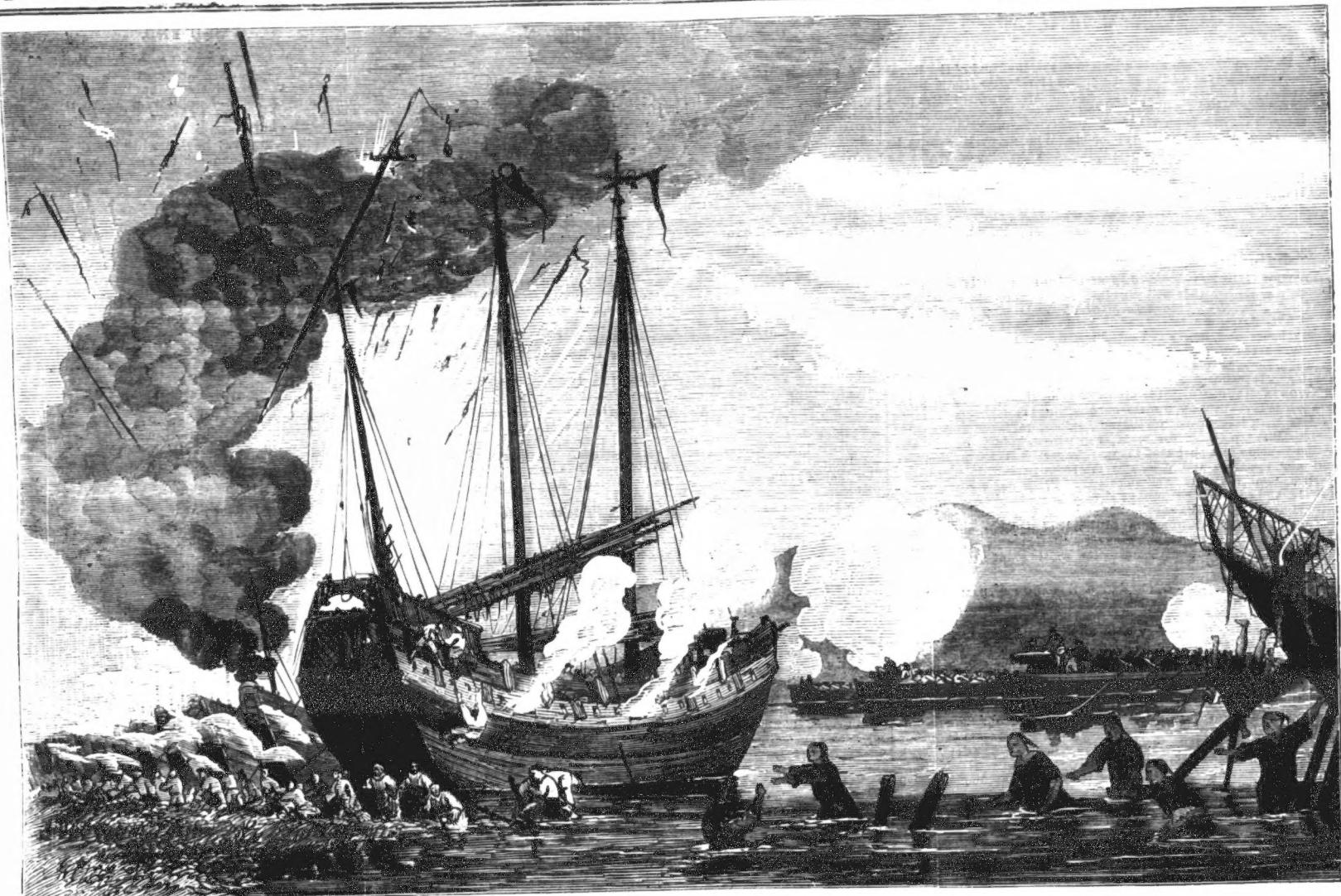
A DUEL BETWEEN AUSTRIAN NOBLEMEN.—A duel which has taken place in Pragburg has created a great sensation in the highest circles of Austrian society, to which the combatants, Prince Leonnowsky and Count Nemes, belonged. It seems that the prince and his friends rose from a table when Count Nemes seated himself. The latter felt it as a personal insult, challenged the prince, and a duel took place with pistols at twenty paces. The count received his adversary's bullet in the shoulder, which was completely smashed, and the ball traversed the throat, wounding the windpipe. It was reported that the count had died, but he still lives, though only faint hopes are entertained of his life.

A GAROTTER UNDER THE LASH.—A ruffian named Melli, who had been convicted of a robbery with violence, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude, and twenty-five lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, underwent his whipping in the yard of Chester Castle. He was taken into the yard, and the upper part of his body having been stripped, his feet were fastened to an upright flagging-post, and his arms extended along transverse bars. The lash used was ordinary cat-o'-nine-tails. The first four lashes were borne in silence, but at the fifth he shrieked so that he could be heard all over the prison, and continued his yells at each stroke to the end of his well-merited punishment.

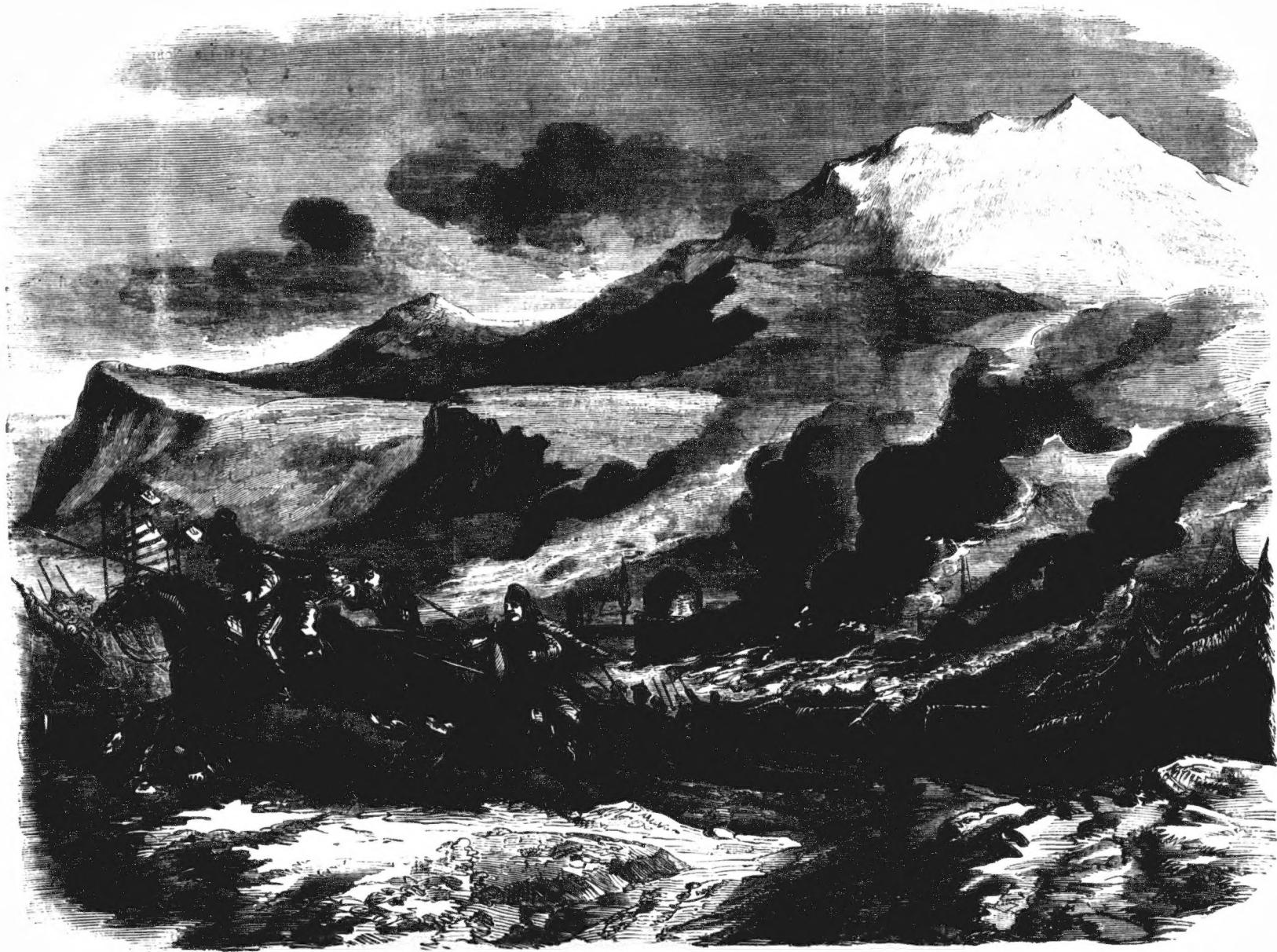
STRANGE SUICIDE IN THE RIVER LEA.—On Tuesday, Mr. John Humphrey, M.P. for the constituency, held an inquiry at the Adam and Eve Tavern, Lower Hockerton, relative to the suicide of William Hugh Weller, aged forty-nine years. The deceased was stated to be respectably connected, and to have formerly been in business as a butcher. He, however, committed a crime for which he was transported, and upon his being allowed a ticket of leave, he again offended, and was committed a second time. Meanwhile his father died, leaving him £1,000, which of course became the property of the Crown. But as he had several children who were in St. Pancras Workhouse, the Government, sometime after his liberation, consented to allow him to have the dividends on the £1,000, on condition of his supporting his children. This arrangement was come to last January, after he had been two years an inmate of St. Pancras Workhouse. He took his discharge accordingly, but in a few weeks returned without a coat to his back or a penny of his money, which he had dissipated apparently in drink. George Henry Cole, superintendent over the St. Pancras Workhouse, said that when the deceased returned to the workhouse in February, he said, "I have made a fool of myself, and will be glad to give you my assistance in the kitchen." He had been under witness for two years. He said that he knew he was "touched" at times, and did not know what he was doing, especially when he got anything to drink. On last Wednesday week he again discharged himself in consequence of a letter from a solicitor about some money that was coming due to him. Police-constable William Dew, 355 N., said that last Wednesday, while patrolling the Hackney-marshes on horseback, he heard a loud cry of "Help! help!" from the direction of the bridge over the river Lea. He galloped to the bridge, and looked into the water, but could see nothing. No person was in sight on the Marshes. He rode round and saw a hat on the pier of the bridge. He then went for the drags, and the body of the deceased was got out some distance from the place where he had put his hat. He must have jumped into the river, and then, when he found himself in the water, shouted for help. In his pocket witness found a sheet of paper, on both sides of which deceased had written, "William Hugh Weller, St. Pancras Workhouse." There was also in his pocket a letter from a solicitor, showing that there had been some temporary difficulty about getting some dividends. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

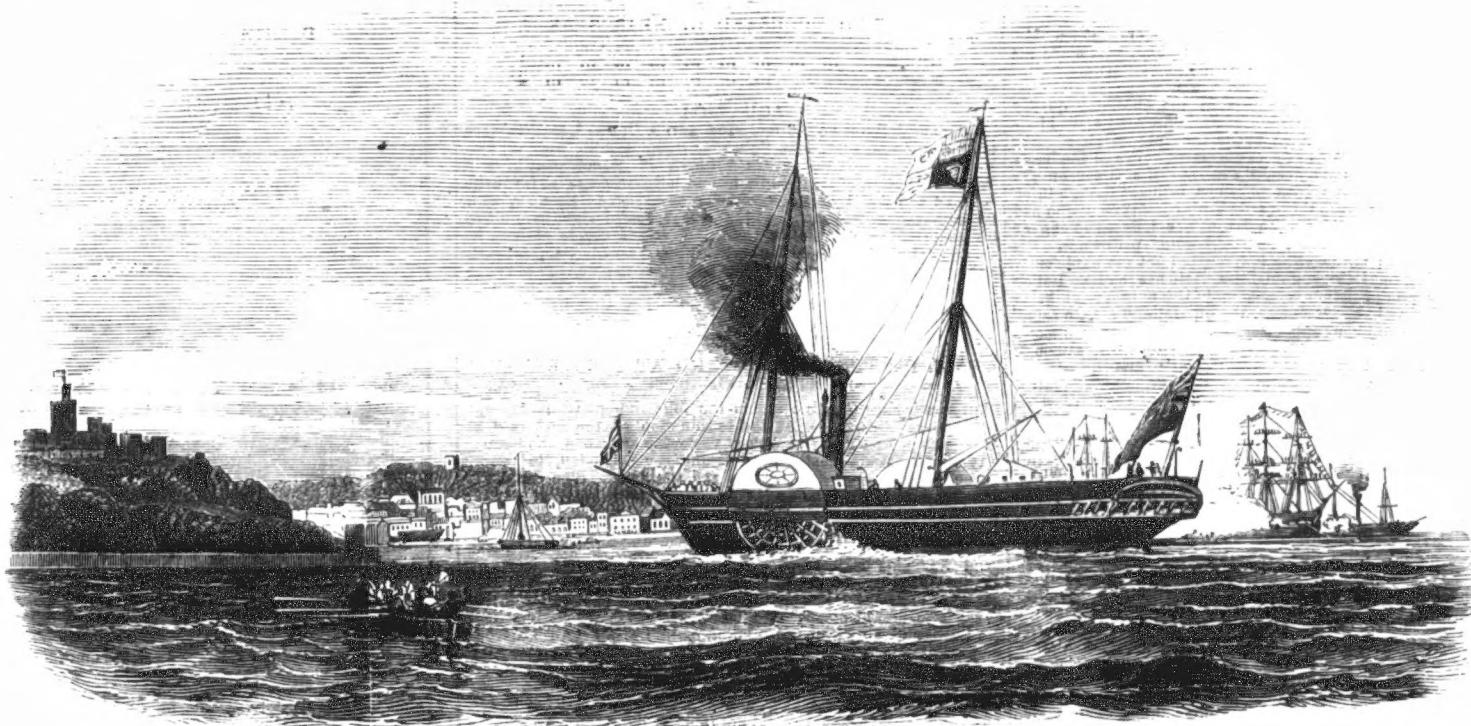




THE CRUISE OF THE OPOSSUM.—DESTRUCTION OF CHINESE PIRATE JUNKS. (See page 716.)



THE CRUISE OF THE OPOSSUM.—BURNING OF A PIRATE VILLAGE. (See page 716.)



THE RETURN OF HER MAJESTY TO OSBORNE HOUSE.

THE RETURN OF HER MAJESTY TO OSBORNE HOUSE

Her Majesty returned to Osborne House on Tuesday week, after her visit to Aldershot, London, and Windsor.

The Queen and Court arrived at Clarence-yard, Gosport, and crossed over to Osborne in the steam yacht Alberta.

Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas S. Pasley, Bart., Captain Charles F. A. Shadwell, C.B., of Clarence-yard, Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton, of the Victory, the general of the garrison, and staff, received her Majesty on her arrival.

Saturday was the anniversary of the birth of her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. The day was celebrated in London, Windsor, and Osborne by the firing of salutes and the raising of the flags on the various churches.

DREADFUL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

We give below an engraving sketched from a report posted at Lloyd's, dated from Poole, April 6th, to the effect that a man named Martin Markman had been picked up on a plank by a fisherman, after being in the water several hours. He stated that he belonged to the Elise, bound from New York to Bremerhaven, with a cargo of tobacco, sugar, cheese, and copper, and that at one a.m. of the 2nd of April his vessel was run into, four miles off Portland, by a screw steamer with one funnel, which was proceeding up Channel. The Elise after being struck went down immediately, with all the rest of the crew, consisting of the master, his wife, the first and second mates, carpenter, three seamen, and a boy. The steamer did not stop to render assistance.

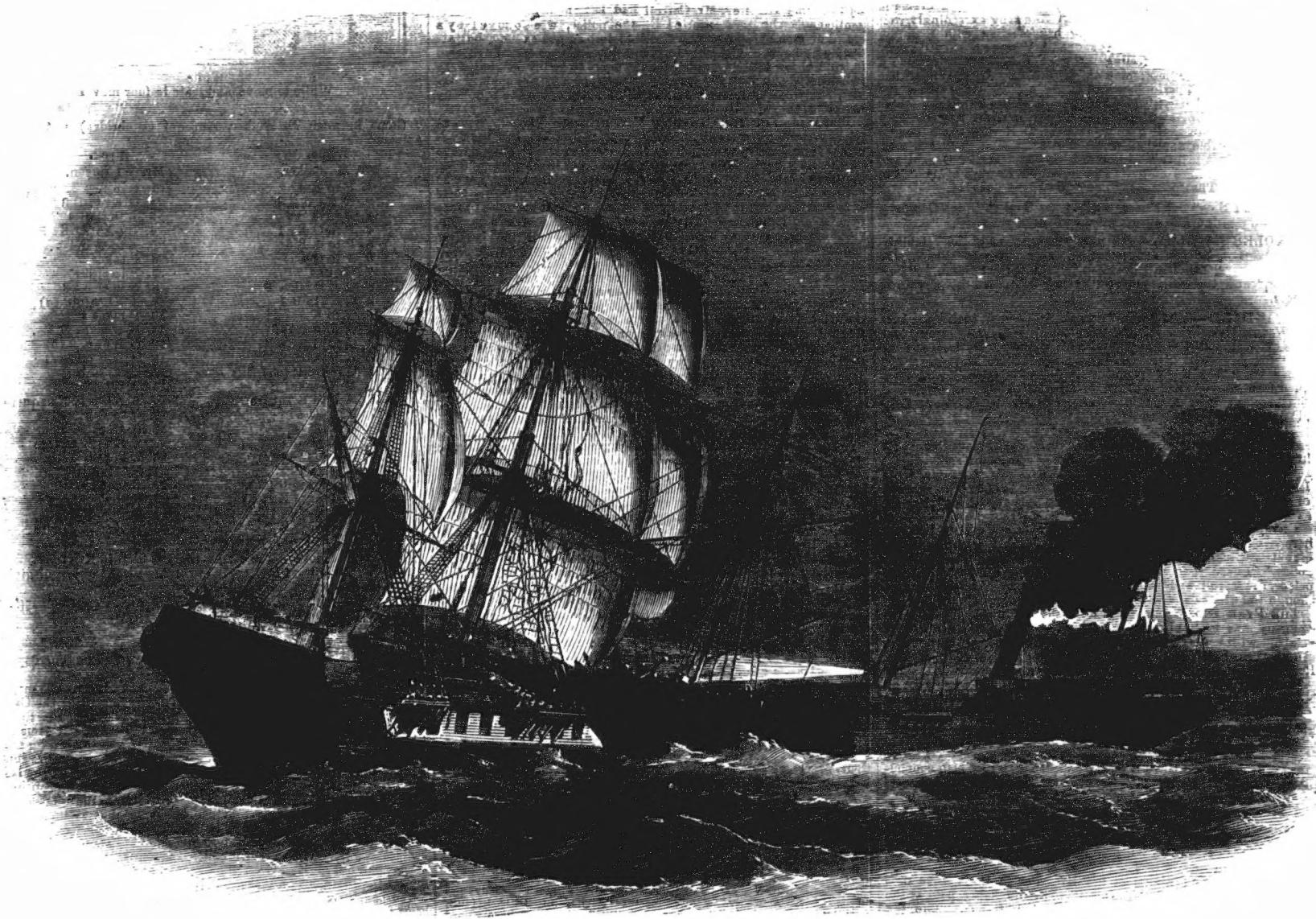
ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

An attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia was made at four p.m. on Monday.

The Emperor Alexander was entering his carriage to take his usual drive, when an individual fired a pistol at him. The ball providentially missed its aim.

The police are investigating the matter.

An American paper states that the spiritualists of Cincinnati have invoked the spirit of the late Lord Palmerston, and that it has declared itself strongly in favour of the Fenian movement!



DREADFUL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

Laws and Police.

POLICE COURTS
WESTMINSTER.

AN AREA SNEAK AT AN ARCHBISHOP'S.—John Durkin was charged with being found in the house of the Archbishop of Armagh, 42, Prince's-gardens, for an unlawful purpose. Henry Davenport, one of the servants, said that while in the area of the house that morning he saw the prisoner come down the steps from a street and cautiously look through the pantry window. Having ascertained that no one was there, he immediately entered the pantry, whither witness followed. The prisoner then asked for Mr. Barker, and said he had come for some glass ornaments to mend. James Helps, the butler, said that coming in at the time he sent the first witness for a policeman. As soon as he had gone the prisoner opened a large clasp knife, and swore he would stab him if he followed. He then darted out of the house, and rushed through the streets with the open knife in his hand. The witness pursued him and he was captured. Peter Smith, 163 B, said he knew the prisoner well. He is a notorious thief, and had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment from the Central Criminal Court. The prisoner said he got a living now by buying bottles, and he went to the archbishop's for that purpose. Mr. Selfe asked what money was found upon him, and Police constable Smith replied, "Only a penny." Prisoner: "You see, that makes no difference about my only having a penny. I don't buy them to-day, I buy them to-morrow; at least I buy them to-day and pay for them to-morrow." Mr. Selfe committed him for three months to hard labour in the House of Correction.

CLERKENWELL.

A LAZY FELLOW.—A powerful man, who described himself as a labourer, having no home or occupation, and who gave the name of Robert Dunman, was charged with destroying his clothing in the casual ward at the Clerkenwell Workhouse. He was admitted on Saturday night, and was supplied with food and a bed. On Monday, when Brooks went to give him his breakfast, he found that the prisoner had destroyed the whole of his clothing. The prisoner, in defence, said he had destroyed his clothing because he thought it was much better to be brought up on a charge of destroying clothing than for one of indecency. Brooks said the prisoner's clothes were not in the state he had described. Mr. D'Eyn court: How is it that you are at the workhouse at all? The prisoner: Because I can't get any work. Mr. D'Eyn court said there was plenty of work for men who liked to do it. The difficulty was, not to get work, but to get men; but he supposed that the prisoner was one of those who preferred lounging about at the different workhouses instead of trying to get an honest livelihood. He then sentenced the prisoner to fourteen days' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner said he could sleep that bit away.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CAUTION TO PERSONS WANTING PLACES.—A young woman applied to Mr. Pyrwhi for advice. The applicant said she saw an advertisement in a morning paper for a companion to a lady, applicants to apply to the Cavendish Institution, 12, Mortimer-street. She went there, and saw two men, one of whom said she must pay 5s. before any particulars could be given. She paid the 5s., and the address of "Mrs. Ablett, care of Mr. Shearing, Herne Bay," was handed to her. She received a receipt for the 5s., at the bottom of which was written, "No situation guaranteed." She wrote to Mrs. Ablett, but received no reply. On seeing the advertisement repeated she applied to the postmaster at Herne Bay, and received the following account:—"Mr. Shearing is a baker, and to his surprise letters keep coming directed to Mrs. Ablett, whom he does not know. The sooner the police know it the better, as it will stop more ladies from being taken in." J. L. Banks, Herne Bay, April 12. "She called at the institution that morning, and, seeing a young woman about to register, she advised her not to pay any money, as she had been imposed upon. She then requested one of the men in the office to return the 5s. she had paid, as she had discovered that no such person as Mrs. Ablett was known at Herne Bay. The man asked her to walk into the private room, but she refused to do so and left the office, stating that it was her intention to make the matter public. She came straight to this court, and while in the passage the man she had seen in the office, who had followed her, offered to give her the 5s. back, but she would not receive it until she had been into the court. Mr. Knox was sorry he could not assist the applicant. This was not the first application against the same institution. The other day a gentleman came on behalf of a young lady who had applied at the institution, and had received an address in France. The gentleman had written to the authorities in France, and had ascertained that the place to which the young lady was to be sent was of the lowest character, and that the young lady had escaped great risk. A person from the institution here came forward and returned the 5s. to the applicant. Mr. Levy, from the office for the Protection of Women and Children, came into court and said if any young woman who had complaints against servants' registry offices would attend at the offices of the society their cases would be looked into and every assistance free of cost given to them.

MARYLEBONE.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT UPON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—John Giesenau, aged 24, of No. 26, Willes-road, tailor, was charged with the following disgraceful conduct. John Page, station-porter at the Gower-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, said on Saturday evening the 8.22 train from Kensington came to a standstill at the platform, and a lady came up to him and said that the prisoner and another man had greatly annoyed her by their disgusting language, and also by their smoking, and she had been compelled to leave the carriage, for she could not endure it any longer. He went to the compartment and saw the prisoner, who was the worse for liquor, smoking. He was told his conduct was wrong, and he must get into another compartment. The guard of the train came up at this moment and said he must leave. He insolently said he would not; and, upon being told that he must, he seized the guard by his whiskers, and, after savagely pulling them, clung on till a portion came off in his hand. He was got from the train, which had to be started on instantly. Prisoner, who was still very uproarious, had to be locked up. Cross-examined: It was a lady who complained of his conduct. He had then done smoking, but the carriage smelt very strong of smoke. Every person in the compartment complained of the prisoner. Thomas Bond, the guard of the train, and Alfred Davison, ticket collector, corroborated the above. Inspector Daniels said the prisoner created a disturbance at Notting-hill, and it was only on the sufferance that he was allowed to come on, as his companions said they would keep him quiet. For the defence a young man named Murray, also a tailor, was called, who said, in reply to questions, that prisoner was a little troublesome, and was not quite sober. Mr. Mansfield sentenced the prisoner to pay a fine of 10s., or in default to be imprisoned and sent to hard labour for a month.

A BUTLER'S PRESENT.—Maria Marner was charged with being drunk and having a bottle of wine in her possession. Mitchell, 17 D, said at an early hour that morning he saw the prisoner in a drunken state in Cambridge-place. She appeared to be very careful of something she had under her jacket. Upon his looking, he found she had a bottle of sherry, of the possession of which she declined to give any account. After her behaving in a violent manner he got her to the station-house, when she said she had been

spending the evening with a butler in a coal-seller in the neighbourhood, but declined to say in what street. She said they had, whilst sitting on a stool in the cellar, "cracked" one bottle between them, and he gave her the one she possessed to carry away. Mr. Mansfield said as there was no owner for the wine the prisoner must be discharged, and the bottle of wine given to her. The prisoner retook possession of the bottle, thanked his worship, and retired.

THAMES.

ABDUCTION OF A YOUNG LADY.—Ellen Houghton, an attractive-looking woman, aged 21, was charged with being concerned with Christian Olfus, a pickpocket merchant in Oldham-street, Spitalfields, and lately residing in Tredegar-place, Bow, in the abduction of a young lady named Tolley, under the age of sixteen years. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, said the young lady, Miss Tolley, left her father's house on Good Friday, and was on the same night with the prisoner Houghton at her dwelling. They left England together and proceeded to Paris. Through the intercession of Lord Colley, our ambassador, the police had made an active search for Miss Tolley, and she was found by them at the Hotel Sebasteopol, in Paris, and restored to her father and brother. Miss Tolley arrived in London on Saturday night, and was again under her parents' roof. A wealthy old man named Olfus, sixty-five years of age, and married, with a daughter twenty-six years of age, was under remand as a principal in the abduction of the young lady. Olfus had made his presents, talked about marrying her when he obtained a divorce from his wife, and talked about her as his dear girl. The theory of the prosecution was, that the prisoner Houghton was too agent of Olfus, and had instigated the young lady to leave her home and accompany her to France, where he (Mr. Young) believed it was the intention of Olfus to join them. A warrant was granted on Saturday by Mr. Woolrych for the apprehension of Houghton, and she was captured on Saturday night by Inspector Kersey at the London-bridge Railway Station on the arrival of the train from Folkestone. He then called Mrs. Isabella Sophia Tolley, of Addington House, Bow, who said her daughter left her home on Good Friday, the 30th of March last, without her knowledge and consent. Her daughter was under sixteen years of age. The prisoner came to the shop the day before her daughter absconded and made a purchase. Mr. Stoddart, solicitor, who defended the prisoner, asked Mr. Tolley if the prisoner did no return to England with him and his daughter. Mr. Tolley: Yes, sir; I said if she wished to clear her character and conduct, she would come back with me, to which she consented, and I paid her passage. Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, a married woman, of No. 17, Stafford-road, Bow, said the prisoner lodged with her up to Good Friday, and then she left with Miss Tolley, who came to the house alone, and waited Mrs. Houghton's return from the Crystal Palace. In cross-examination by Mr. Stoddart, the witness said: I heard Mrs. Houghton entreat of Miss Tolley to go home, and saw her on her knees and exclaiming, "Go home, ma'am; go home to your parents—pray go home." Witness also endeavoured to persuade Miss Tolley to go home, and said there were many little unpleasantnesses in families which might soon be made up. Miss Tolley said, "I shall not go home; nothing will ever induce me to return." Mrs. Houghton again said, "For God's sake, go home." To which Miss Tolley replied, "I shall not go home, and it's no use pressing me." Miss Tolley was in the house from five until half-past eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Young: And the prisoner eventually took Miss Tolley away in a cab? Witness: I do not know, sir. Mr. Charles Young: You do know. They left your house together. Witness: Yes, sir, they did. Mr. Knox: That was after she had begged of Miss Tolley to go home? Witness: Yes, sir, it was. Mr. Stoddart said there was really no case against the prisoner, who wished Miss Tolley to return home. The prisoner did not counsel, aid, or abet Mr. Olfus in the abduction of the young lady, who was happy to find was now restored to her parents. Mr. Knox said he must remand the prisoner. Mr. Stoddart hoped bail would be taken for the prisoner, who really ought to be witness for the prosecution. Mr. Young opposed the application for bail, and said the young lady could not have left England without the aid of the prisoner. Mr. Knox said the prisoner had been guilty of an act of great imprudence, to say the least of it. He should not take bail for her, but remand her to prison until Thursday next.

THE DIFFERENCES OF DOCTORS.—Susan Ponson, a pale and wretched-looking woman, was brought before Mr. Knox, charged with attempting to commit self-destruction. Police-constable William Farina, No. 674 A, stated that on Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, the prisoner came to him in the Mile-end-road, and said that she had swallowed a quantity of oxalic acid, and was determined to destroy herself, for she was quite desolate and tired of her life. He took her to the station-house, a doctor was called in, and an emetic applied. The poison was dislodged from her stomach. Mr. Knox: Had she swallowed oxalic acid? Witness: Yes, sir; she was very ill indeed, and we sent her to the union house. The prisoner, who was shivering and in great pain, here called out: I want Sir George Grey to hang me. Farina: The doctor and the people in the union house say the prisoner is insane. Roche, the gaoler of the court, said the poor woman was committed by Mr. Partridge to prison for twenty-one days about a month ago for refusing to do the work assigned to her in the Stepney Union workhouse, Bromley. He had then to watch her, and had great trouble to prevent her strangling herself. She was before Mr. Page last week, after she came out of prison, and complained of neglect and ill-usage, and the magistrate ordered an inquiry to be made concerning her. Mr. Charles Young, the solicitor, then stated that Mr. Partridge carefully investigated the case, and upon the evidence of the surgeon of the Stepney Union that she was not insane, and was capable of doing the work assigned to her, he committed her for twenty-one days. Mr. Knox said the unfortunate prisoner was no doubt insane and very ill, and she must be taken care of and treated with the greatest humanity. The best course would be to send her to the Stepney Union at Bromley. Mr. Parker, the master of the Stepney Union at Bromley, said he should be most happy to attend to the suggestions of the magistrate. The case was a peculiar one. The surgeon of the Stepney Union said she was not insane, and other surgeons said she was a lunatic. Mr. Knox: It is an absurdity to say she is not insane. You hear what the gaoler says, and you have heard the statement of the police-constable. She made an attempt to strangle herself. She has taken poison, and you can see the state she is in now. To the credit of the board of guardians of the Stepney Union see her, and treat her tenderly. The prisoner: Hang me, sir. Mr. Parker would take care that every attention should be paid to the woman. Roche: She is very weak, your worship. The poor woman cannot walk. Mr. Knox directed that a cab should be hired, and the woman taken at once to the Stepney Union. The poor creature was then discharged, and led out of the court.

SOUTHWARK.

CALLING A CONSTABLE A FENIAN.—William Buxton, a respectable-looking man, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with being drunk, annoying a constable in the execution of his duty by calling him a Fenian, and assaulting him. Police-constable 177 said he was on duty in the Old Kent-road on the previous night, when the prisoner came rolling against him, and when witness told him to mind what he was at he called him Fenian and an Irish rebel. He told him to go home quietly and leave him (witness) alone, and passed on his boat. The prisoner, however, followed him, calling him a Fenian, at the same time pointing at him, saying, "There goes a Fenian!" Witness again told him to go about his business, but instead of that he aimed a blow at him, and so

misconduct himself that he was compelled to take him into custody. Mr. Burcham asked what state he was in at the time. Witness replied that he was very drunk, but still he must have known what he was about. Mr. Burcham (to the prisoner): What answer have you to make to this charge? Prisoner: I am very sorry, sir. I did not mean what I said, as I was drunk. I had unfortunately drunk a little with an old friend, and, not being in the habit of drinking, it took an ill effect on me. Mr. Burcham: But you called the constable a Fenian. That was very annoying to a well-conducted officer. Prisoner: I didn't mean what I said. How should I be able to say whether he was a Fenian or not? I am extremely sorry. Mr. Burcham: I suppose your loyalty was excited in your cups. What are you? Prisoner: I am a servant of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and never was in disgrace before in my life. Mr. Iverson, the assistant-superintendent of the goods department of the South-Eastern Railway, who was in attendance, here informed his worship that the prisoner was a very respectable man. He had been in their service some time, and was one of the steadiest men they had. Mr. Burcham was glad to hear that, and took it for granted that his loyalty exceeded his propensity of conduct. He had, however, insulted the police and he could not overlook that, but as his character was so good he should merely impose upon him a penalty of five shillings. The fine was immediate paid.

JACK ASHORE.—Eliza Smith, a young woman about 20 years of age, and Eliza Miller, a dirty-looking, middle-aged female, were brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with stealing a silver watch and chain from the person of Isaac Quinton, under the following circumstances:—The prosecutor, a jolly-looking British tar, said he was mate of a vessel lying in the London-docks. A few days ago he came off a long voyage, and on the previous evening had been to see some old friends in the neighbourhood of the Borough. When returning towards the City, about eleven o'clock at night, he was accosted by the prisoner Smith and another young woman. He endeavoured to avoid them, but they followed him and asked him to treat them. Being a little jolly and good-natured, he assented, and accompanied them to a public-house, where he treated them to snuff glasses of grog. Being late when they quitted the tavern, he agreed to accompany them to their lodgings, and saw the elder prisoner, who said she was the landlady, and he gave her some money to get some liquor. On her return he drank a small portion, and soon after fell asleep. When he woke up, about two hours afterwards, he missed Smith and the other young woman and his watch and chain. The evidence was insufficient to convict, and the prisoners were discharged.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.—Mary Ann Williamson was charged with having a knife concealed on her person, in the police-court, with intent to do some grievous bodily harm, and threatening to murder Jane Golding. Mr. W. Edwin, who appeared for the prosecution, said that the prisoner had been in custody at least thirty times charged with annoying and threatening the complainant. She had several times been committed to prison in default of finding bail, but no sooner does she obtain her liberty than she goes to the shop of his client and threatens her. On the 17th of last month she was committed in default of sureties, and on leaving the dock she not only threatened to murder the prosecutrix, but a knife was found concealed under her dress with which she said she intended to commit the crime. He accordingly obtained a warrant for her apprehension on her release from prison, so that articles of the peace might be exhibited against her at the sessions. Proof having been given of her commitment for a month in default of sureties on the 17th ult., Mr. George Downe, the gaoler of the court, said that when she was handed over to his custody she threatened to murder Mrs. Golding. He remonstrated with her, and, before placing her in the cell, asked her if she had anything about her. She replied that she had not, but he felt something like a knife in her pocket. He told her of it, when she declared that it was not a knife. He, however, took one from her, when she said that she had concealed it about her, fully intending that, had she an opportunity, she would have had Mrs. Golding's life. Mrs. Golding was called and sworn, when she said that she was afraid the prisoner would put her threat into execution unless put under restraint. The prisoner here called out, "I'll have my revenge on you yet, one of these days. I'll do for you." Mr. Woolrych committed her to the sessions.

WANDS WORTH.

A NEW USE FOR CRINOLINE.—Eliza Ann Bedford, a hawker, was charged with the following impudent robbery:—Police constable Prat, 209 T, stated that he was in plain clothes walking in the Bridge-road, Battersea, when he saw the prisoner enter a shop, take a horse and cart from behind the door (a laugh), and a box of toys from a table. She walked out of the shop with them, and after going a short distance she stopped and put the cart up her clothes, and fastened it to her crinoline. (Laughter.) Mr. Ingham: The horse and all? (Loud laughter.) Goss (who joined in the laughter): Yes, sir. Mr. Ingham: Well, who unfastened the horse? Goss (with a look of simplicity): Oh, I left it in the cart all night. (Laughter.) Mr. Ingham (smiling): I mean who unfastened it from her crinoline? The constable: I took the horse and cart from her crinoline. The prisoner's defence was that she was selling a few things to support her two children, her husband being ill, when she met a woman with the horse and cart, and she asked her to buy them. She gave her fourpence for the horse and cart and the box of toys. In reply to the magistrate, the constable said he was sure the prisoner was the woman who went into the shop, as he never lost sight of her. The prisoner called a witness who gave her an excellent character for honesty. Mr. Ingham said that in consideration of the good character she had hitherto borne he would not inflict a heavy imprisonment, but he must punish her. He ordered her to be imprisoned for seven days with hard labour.

GR芬WICH.

BOY CASUALS AND THEIR CLOTHES.—George Gibbons, Thomas Thornton, John Cotter, and George Williams, lads about 16 years of age, were charged before Mr. Trill with destroying their clothing in the casual ward of the Greenwich Union. The first two prisoners had no answer to the charge except that the clothes they had torn were dirty. They had no legal settlement within the union. Cotter said he belonged to Deptford (a parish within the union), and was ill, having abscesses and being afflicted with the king's evil. He had hitherto obtained a livelihood by collecting dust and also working in brick-fields. Williams, a good-looking, sharp, and apparently well-educated youth, said he was born in the East Indies, and was the son of a soldier of the 1st battalion of the 60th Royal Rifles. His father, who was a pensioner from the regiment, was now filling a situation as a gentleman's servant in London. His mother died of consumption. While in the East Indies he was sent to a school in connexion with the army. About six months since he was in a situation at a coach-maker's in St. Marylebone, but he had lost it owing to being too long upon his errands. He then left his grandmother at 61, Orford street, in that parish, and was now back to return home. He had a desire to go to sea, and had been bid to the surgeon of the Fregard at Woolwich, to enter the navy, but had been rejected as being too slender. Mr. Trill said, with regard to Gibbons and Thornton, they would each be committed to the House of Correction for fourteen days. Cotter, it will be seen, appeared to be, and having a legal claim upon the union, entitled to shelter and surgical attendance, and he would be discharged and sent back to the union. He should also order Williams to be uncharged and taken care of in the union for a few days, in order, if his statement were found to be correct, to ascertain if something could not be done to rescue him from the vagrant life upon which he had entered.





EXTERIOR OF THE SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

THE CRUISE OF THE OPOSSUM.
We take the following from the Hong-Kong Daily Press of
February 19th:—
"The Opossum had been attended with very

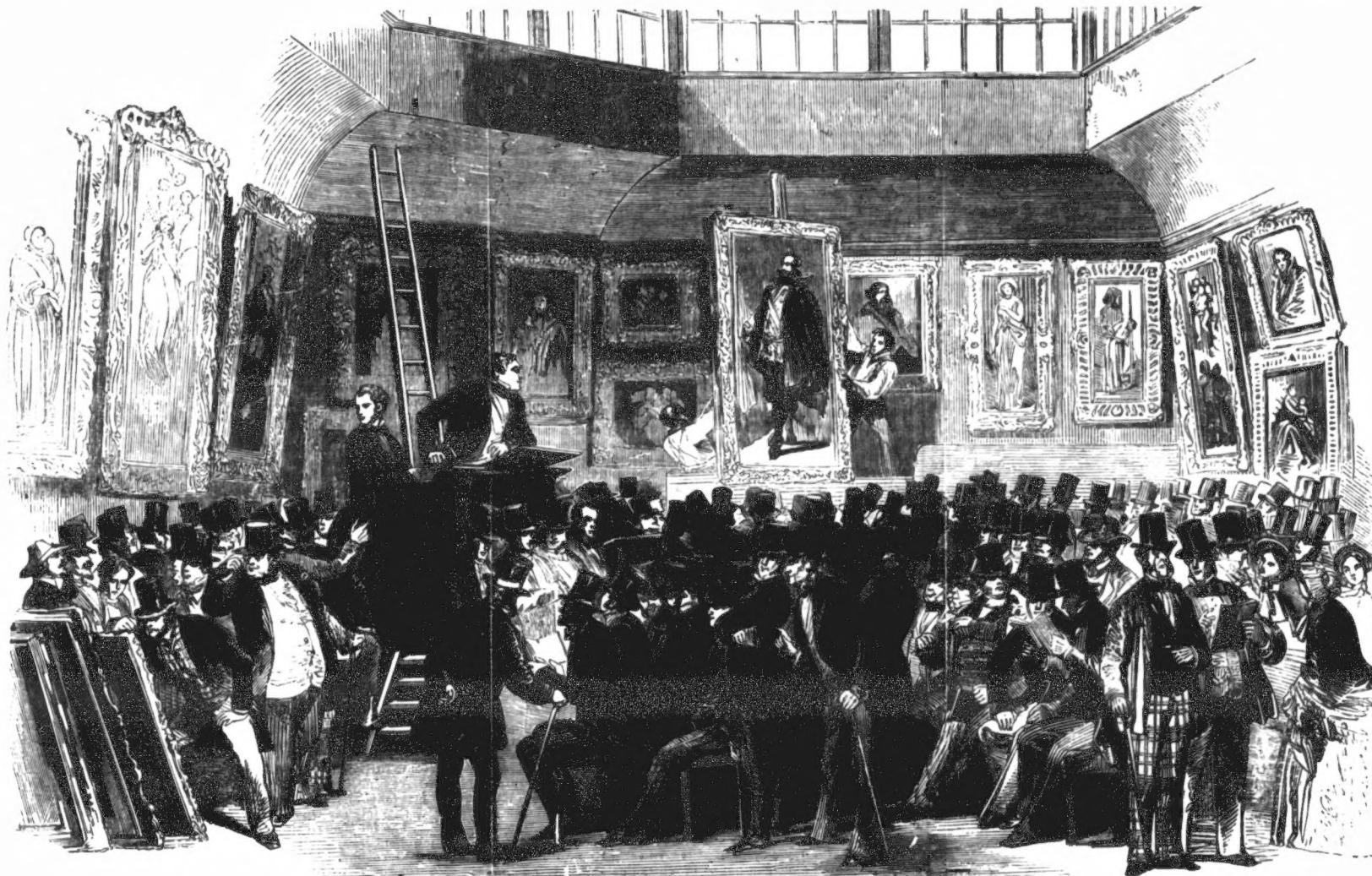
We give, the other week, an engraving of the interior of Sydney University, and, according to promise, we now give a view of the exterior.

The University buildings are placed on a commanding site in the centre of an area of about 140 acres, the whole of which is granted for the use of the University, and of the affiliated colleges that may be established in connexion with it. By the constitution of the University, the religious teaching, and moral superintendence of the students, are confined to the affiliated colleges. All students, however, are required to attend the secular teaching of the University lectures and professors. Large sums of money have been granted for the erection of the buildings, and an annual grant of £50,000 in aid of all the expenses of the University, and of £2,000 in aid of all the institutions towards the support of the University. The medical college, is provided from the Colonial Treasury.

A SALE OF PICTURES AT THE WEST-END.
At this season of the year, when most of the nobility are in town, picture sale-rooms are usually crowded with aristocratic loungers and others, who are attracted to the sales held almost daily at one or the other of the West-end matrix. Our engraving on the opposite page depicts one of those scenes with all its life and bustle. How many are taken in on these occasions we need not inquire. Pictures are too generally the rule; though, of course, some good pictures are always to be found in these sale-rooms, way at decent bids.

over to them the greater number of the captured guns and stores, after having destroyed the rest. He then went to Macao, and sent back his wounded men to Hong Kong. During the whole of Monday he remained at Macao, but Tuesday morning saw him down the west coast again. On Wednesday, of a place called I-mun, he fell in with a large heavily armed junk, about thirty feet longer than the Opusum, carrying eight guns (one 50 cwt., one 30 cwt., and the others 12-pounders), big enough to have hoisted her Majesty's small ship Opusum on board altogether if she had had the proper machinery. This junk was at once recognised as the vessel of which the gunboat, on information received, was in search. When she was stopped, her owner was prepared with all the documents necessary to prove him a most respectable trader, only carrying guns for his own protection, but it happened that Lieutenant St. John had on board the Chinese man who really owned the vessel. She had, it appears, been entrusted to the man now found in possession of her, who had never afterwards accounted for her to his owner, but had turned pirate instead. When confronted with the Chinese merchant on board the Opusum, he saw that his guns had been 'played out', and resigned himself to his fate with Asiatic fortitude. He made no further attempt to defend himself either by arguments or physical force, and together with forty companions was conducted by the Opusum to Quang-hai and given over to the Mandarins. By them he was recognised as a man of great influence on the west coast. He and his crew will be sent on to Canton, and there is no reason to doubt the fate of a wall them. The captives we spoke of above were released at Pak-hut before the village was burnt."

three guns on board, manned by about twenty men. Lieutenant St. John came in, though there were British seamen. Lieutenant St. John came in, that is to say, he ran all down in the broadside, consequently useless, and their guns being all in the broadside, consequently useless. As soon as he came within range, he opened a flank fire on the battery, and in a very short time its defenders cleared out. This was the signal for the men in the junks to do the same. The whole two hundred scrambled on shore, and made off into the interior, leaving the vessels a prey to the gun-boat. Lieutenant St. John landed with a small party of men from the sun-boat, and while he was on shore, as we understand, an explosion took place on board one of the junks by which the warrant officer of the Opousan was wounded. He was engaged setting fire to the vessel, when a jar of powder standing on the deck took fire. There was no explosion in the ordinary sense of the word—that is, no materials were thrown about, and the gunner was burnt by the fume of the powder, and by a succession of smaller explosions which followed. A boy, who was with him jumped overboard, and escaped with but few injuries, but the gunner could not swim and had to run on the junk. A marine was wounded in another explosion while setting fire to a junk which had been hauled up on shore. After the work had been performed, when the pirates were all out of the way, and the Opousan was busily engaged in destroying their craft, a fleet of forty Mandarins junks came round the point. It seemed that the Imperial mandarins had been twice beaten off by the pirates of Pak-shui, and were coming down this time in force. The one English gun-boat, however, had accompanied the task out of hand, and there was nothing left for the Chinese but to profit by the victory. They landed



A SALE OF PICTURES AT THE WEST END. (See page 716.)

Literature.

MAGGIE.

THE red lances of sunset were tipping the trees with lines of flame, and burnishing the western window of Laburnum Cottage, as John Dalton stepped out of the high French window on the sweet green lawn; and, with his hands in his coat pockets, his wideawake very much on one side of his curly head, a cigar between his lips, and a miraculously ugly little terrier at his heels, looked at it with a critical eye. Very hard to please, he must have been, if it did not satisfy him. Above, was a summer sky of ultra-marine, fleeced with waves of snowy clouds, tinged with scarlet and gold. Below, spread broad emerald fields, making the air odorous with scent of new-mown hay, where the haymakers were at work; nearer were the broad acres he called his own, and under his eye spread out a sort of semi-Eden of roses, laburnums, heliotropes, pansies, honeysuckles, mignonette, and morning violets, sending their evening incense up to heaven. Birds in the lilac trees were chanting their vesper hymn; the house behind him was the daintiest bijou of a fairy cottage that ever mortal lived in—and all was his own. Young, rich, good-looking, and clever, John Dalton ought to have been a happy man; but, smoking his cigar this glorious August evening, he smothered a rising sigh, and stooped to pat Fido's ugly head.

"It's very pretty and romantic, and all that sort of thing, Fido," he said, "but it's all vanity and vexation of spirit, nevertheless. If I only thought she cared two buttons about me, it would be different; but the girl's a living iceberg, and I'm the most persecuted man that ever existed since Job left this mundane sphere. There's my mother, and there's that confounded——"

A rustle of silk, an odour of jockey club, the clatter of tiny high-heeled boots, and a clear voice humming an opera tune, and thus out through the French window came a shining vision in gossamer robes, golden curly hair, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and a figure like a sylph. In plain English, a very pretty girl, beautifully dressed, and looking as cool and fresh as a white water-lily reposing in green leaves.

John Dalton smoked away furiously, and never looked round, but a perfumed fan of ivory and marabout tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"A penny for your thoughts, monsieur."

"You offer too little." Still not looking round. "My thoughts were priceless."

"Of what were they, then?"

"Of you!"

"Oh!" said the lady, with a gay little laugh, "I might have known you would say that! What a delightful evening! There is no place like the country in summer, and no place in the country like Laburnum Cottage—is there?"

"So you say, and you are always right. Do you mind my smoking? If you do, I will go away."

"Not at all. I give you *carte blanche* to smoke as much as you please. Look at that girl riding on top of that hay-cart—how picturesquely she is! Oh, I wish I were a country girl, with no trouble beyond gathering strawberries, and milking cows, and riding on hay-carts all my life."

John Dalton's dark eyes had a laugh in their depths, but his face was immovable in its gravity.

"Country girls make beds, scrub floors, wash dishes and dirty clothes. How would Miss Graham like that?"

"For shame, John! Miss Graham, too. Will you never learn to say Maria, as you used to long ago?"

The young lady's dulcet tones conveyed a good deal more than her words; but John was either very stupid or very indifferent, for he would not understand.

"It is so very long ago, that I had almost forgotten there was such a time, until you honoured me with this summer's visit. Call me John, though, by all means; everybody does."

Miss Graham flushed a little, and tapped her galtered foot impatiently on the green sward.

Looking down the dusty road after the hay-cart, she saw a girl in a black merino dress and large bonnet, but very dusty, toiling wearily along. Her pretty lips curled disdainfully.

"There is the schoolmistress. What a dusty and dowdyish little thing! And yet I have heard some people call her pretty."

"There is no accounting for tastes," John said, smoking placidly on. "I have heard her called pretty, too, and, strange to say, I agree with them."

"Miss What's-her-name, the schoolmistress, ought to feel flattered."

"The schoolmistress's name is Selden. Perhaps she may be flattered; she never told me so, though."

"I should hope not. She is bold enough, I fancy, for anything."

"Indeed! I thought you did not know her?"

Miss Graham's pretty blue eyes quite flashed.

"Neither do I. Such people are not in my list of acquaintances. But I have ears and have heard."

"Very odd, then, that I have never heard Miss Selden was bold, and I have known her some months longer than you. Good evening, Miss Selden. Just getting home from school?"

The dusty figure in the black merino dress and wide bonnet was passing Laburnum Cottage, and its master lifted his wide-awake as respectfully as if she had been a young princess on *grande tenue*.

A pale and tired, but withal rather pretty, face in the depths of the bonnet turned at the salutation, and looked at the pair out of the clear grey eyes.

"Yes," was all she said, not even smiling, but walking steadily on.

A low-roofed, white cottage, where honeysuckles and green hop-vines ran wild in their luxuriance, was near, and the little tired schoolmistress disappeared therein.

Miss Graham's taper fingers had caught hold of a sweetbriar-vine, and was tearing it remorselessly to pieces as if she fancied those same jewelled fingers were twined in Miss Selden's brown hair.

"She is a forward creature," Miss Graham spitefully said. "Any one can tell it by the way she stalks past, as if she owned the village, and——"

"Excuse me, Miss Graham. There goes Tom Hart, and I want to speak to him. Don't stay out here; the dew is falling, and you may take cold."

"Much you would care if I caught my death to-morrow!" Miss Graham muttered, looking after him with an irate sparkle of her blue eyes. "To think that I should fall, and be beaten by a poor, plain country school-teacher as that!"

You would hardly have believed such pretty blue eyes could flash so fiercely, as she watched John Dalton vault lightly over the fence, take the arm of Mr. Hart, and walk leisurely with him out of sight.

The lovely summer sunset, and scented fields, the hay-carts and flowers around her were charmless now; and with a vain little air of disappointment, the young lady gathered up her gossamer robe, and went back through the French window.

A pale, crescent moon, and one tremulous little star waiting attendance thereon, glittered in the sky, as John Dalton turned his steps again to Laburnum Cottage. He stopped before he reached that pretty edifice, however, and entered instead the wicket-gate leading to the little white house where the hop-vine and honeysuckle ran wild.

A fairy figure, petite and graceful, in a black dress, and plain white linen collar and cuffs, was stooping over a bed of golden

and purple pansies, and started up suddenly at sound of the firm, man's tread in the gravelled park. It was the pale face of the schoolmistress, but it flushed vividly the moment the grey eyes fell on him, and she tore out of her brown hair some cluster of scarlet berries and white rosebuds, and threw them at his feet.

"Some of Katey's capers," she said, laughing and blushing still.

"Is it not a lovely evening?"

"Beautiful! What are you about?"

"Weeding my pansies, don't you see? I think I was born to be a tiller of the ground, instead of tilling the minds of country youths."

"I wish I could convince you you were born for neither. May I have the pleasure of escorting you to Mrs. Brown's to-night?"

"I am not going to Mrs. Brown's."

"No? I thought you were invited?"

"Oh, so I am; merely as a matter of form, though. Mrs. Brown and I understand each other perfectly."

"And so you really will not go to the party?"

"No, indeed! I am going to do something much pleasanter."

"May I ask what?"

"Yes; there is to be a merry party on the river to-night—mere plebeians, you understand. Farmers' sons and daughters, all of them; and I am going."

"How bitter you are!"

"Not at all. Only I have no fancy for going where I am not wanted."

"But you are wanted at Mrs. Brown's. I want you."

"You are very kind," she coldly said, toying carelessly with some sprigs of hop-vine, and looking at the distant moon.

"And you will go?"

"No!"

"Can no entreaties of mine prevail on you?"

"None at all."

"Is Parker Copeland one of the party?"

She looked up in the handsome, flushed, angry face with a saucy smile.

"Yes, of course."

"Good night, Miss Selden," he said, abruptly, lifting his hat, and turning away. "I wish you a very pleasant time on the river."

"Thank you," Miss Selden said, the smile still lingering round the lips. "I wish you an equally pleasant time at Mrs. Brown's, with Miss Graham."

"Miss Graham be hanged!" John burst out. "You have no more feeling, Maggie Selden, than this wooden post. You know I love you; but, because of your confounded pride and my mother's prejudices, you treat me like a dog. I tell you you have no more heart than a stone!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Dalton!" was Miss Selden's smiling answer.

"Hurry home and dress, or you will keep Miss Graham waiting, and be late for the party."

The wicked little school-mistress did not hear the naughty word that broke from Mr. Dalton, as he rode off with a brow like a thunder-cloud and a heart like a ton weight. It was rather hard, to be sure, to be the richest, not to say the handsomest, fellow within five miles round, with a pretty cottage, spacious grounds, horses and dogs in plenty, and yet be refused by a school-ma'am!

What was the good of being flattered and petted, and having all the young girls in the place ready to tear each other's dear little eyes out about him—not to speak of a stylish and handsome young City lady, come all the way from London to make him happy, if she could—when this proud, poor, and saucy little Miss Mordecai sat at the king's gate and refused to bow down. She knew that he loved her—more fool he for doing it!—he had told her so seventy times, if not oftener; he more times suspected that she loved him—her eyes and blushes had said so often, though her lips obstinately persisted in scoffing the bare idea; and she was cold, and proud, and scornful, and all because he was rich and she wasn't; and his mother was scornful and supercilious, and thought kitchen-maids

and school-mistresses one and the same thing. No wonder John got savage over it, and wished he wasn't worth fifty shillings, instead of many thousand pounds, and that his tender mother and her pet and crony, Miss Maria Graham, were at Jericho—if not a little further.

"If I was out at the elbows, and hadn't a shilling to bless myself with, I dare say the girl would put her arms round my neck, and say, 'Yes, John, I'll be Mrs. D. as soon as you like.' I know she likes me. I've seen it in her face fifty times; but it's that infernal pride of hers that does it all! And now she'll go, as likely as not, and marry that fellow Copeland, who adores the ground she walks on, just for spite. It would be exactly like a woman to do it. I wish to heaven there never was a woman in the world!"

It was a very pleasant face John brought back to Laburnum Cottage. Miss Graham and Mrs. Dalton were ready for Mrs. Brown's party, and he had to escort them there, of course; but half an hour after, when the other party were ready to start, he was standing with his hands in his pockets, and smirking furiously, according to custom, on the bank. A very gay party they were—much gayer than that assembled in Mrs. Brown's drawing room, if one might judge by the peals of laughter; and no one laughed more merrily than Miss Maggie Selden, coming along the bank on the arm of Mr. Parker Copeland, the rising young village merchant.

"You here, Mr. Dalton?" she innocently cried. "I thought you were at the party."

"But I'm not at the party, you see."

"That's a pity! I am sure it will spoil the pleasure of half the young ladies there."

"Come with us, Dalton!" Mr. Copeland said, good-humouredly: for John was a favourite with every one. "If we are not so recherche as Mrs. Brown's crowd, we are a great deal more jolly."

John looked as if he liked the proposition extremely; but he also looked at Maggie, to see if she seconded the invitation.

Not she! She was springing over the thwarts like a water-sprite, and settling down among the other girls, talking and laughing, and paying no more attention to him than if he was the boat's figure-head.

"No, thank you," he said, gloomily, turning away. "I think I had better go back to Mrs. Brown's."

"All right, then! Shove off, boys!" Mr. Copeland called, and the boat was dancing over the waters. The next moment, and John was standing moodily on the bank, with arms folded, looking at the moonlit river, and debating inwardly whether it would not be a good plan to leap in and end his earthly tribulations at once.

"Puss 'e!" he said, turning away. "I don't believe she would care if she saw me stark and still before her eyes. There she is singing now, with that Copeland joining in the chorus! What a fool I am to stay here at all!"

Nevertheless, he still stayed, screened from view by a tall rock, against which he leaned. He heard Maggie sing, in her sweet soprano voice, "Over the sea in my fairy barge," and then Park Copeland's clear tenor tones, slinging "Maggie by my side."

John set his teeth vindictively, as he listened, and still he could not go away. Up and down in the moonlight they floated for over two hours their peals of laughter and rousing choruses coming to none him where he stood, like a tall, dark ghost, solitary and alone.

They were returning to the shore, at last; and, ashamed of his infatuation, and disgusted with the world in general and Maggie Selden in particular, he was turning away, when there was a sharp shriek, followed by a wild chorus of screams, and then John saw that the boat had overset, and the whole party were struggling in the water.

Shrieks, shouts, and oaths for help mingled in wild discord, where solitarily all had been laughter and singing.

John saw it all in an instant; in another, hat and coat off, he was swimming as men swim for their lives, out to the rescue.

A black dress and a white face was near. John had both in his arms in a trice, and was making for the shore. She had not fainted, and she clung to him as only the drowning cling.

"Oh, John, save me!" had been her only cry; and John's answer had been, "Hold hard, Maggie; it's all right!" and before she knew it, she was on the bank in a state of dripping safety, and John was back in the water after the rest. They were so near the shore, and the night was so calm, that there was little heroism needed to save them; and John had been out three times, and three times returned with half-drowned damsels. But the fourth time he returned not, and there was a cry from some one that he had gone down.

Once more there was a chorus of shrieks from the ladies, and one of their number ran frantically down to the water's edge, as if she would have plunged in to his rescue. But the strong hand of Parker Copeland held her back.

"Keep cool, Miss Selden; Bennett has him. Here they are now. How is it, dammit; is Dalton hurt?"

"I'm afraid he is; he's as cold as a corpse, and his forehead is bleeding," Bennett said, laying his burden on the sand; "I hope to heaven he's not dead."

"Oh, John, John!" Miss Selden cried, falling on her knees, and gathering the rigid form in her arms. "Oh, what have I done?—what have I done?"

"My dear Miss Selden," Mr. Copeland began, deprecatingly, "you have done nothing—it is no fault of yours."

"Oh, it is, it is! It is all my fault; and now he is dead! Oh, John! speak, speak to me once more!"

"Yes," cried John, opening his eyes, and speaking in a voice remarkably strong for a dead man. "What is it, Maggie?"

But Maggie, with the customary absurdity of her sex, ne sooner found he was all right, than she sank quietly back, and layed clean away. And then there was another hubbub. But the screams had reacted other ears, and crowds were coming down the bank to see what the matter was—Mrs. Brown's aristocratic guests among the rest. And half an hour after, the half-drowned and wholly drenched boating party were safely tucked in hot blankets. And all was quiet on the moonlit river once more.

Next morning, before the lark had made his toilet or sung his morning canticle, John Dalton, looking pale and interesting, with a long strip of black court-plaster across his forehead, was walking up and down the road, inhaling the fresh air and watching the door of the little white house where the honeysuckles grew. It opened presently—Miss Maggie was an early bird, as John very well knew, and that young lady made her appearance. John was through the gate in an instant, and Maggie was blushing and smiling, and looking very pretty, and holding out her hand.

"I am so sorry you are hurt. How is your head?"

"My head is well enough; but my heart worse than ever."

"Now, John."

"Now, Maggie! Ah, Maggie! do, do be merciful! Forget your heartless pride. You love me; don't say, 'No'; you know you do! so be good for once, and just tell me I may be happy."

Maggie's hands flew up, and covered her flushed face.

"And Miss Graham, John, what will she say?"

"What she pleases, dear little Maggie!" and a coat-sleeve went round her waist; "only say I may have you."

"What will you do with me?" Maggie asked, blushing and laughing, and shy, but making no struggle to get free.

And John's answer was not given in words, but in such a pantomime that made Maggie redder than ever; but he walked home to breakfast three hours later, and stalked through the French windows singing, in the joy of his heart:—

"And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tyne."

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

The Parliamentary Oaths Bill, intended to abolish certain oaths repulsive to the religious faiths of Roman Catholics, &c., came before the House of Lords on Monday night, and did not meet with any direct opposition from the Earl of Derby. He stated that he should endeavour to come to an amicable arrangement with the Protestants concerning allegiance to the reigning sovereign, the Protestant succession, and the supremacy of the Crown. The measure, however, was debated for some time.

Though the house was full at an early hour, the Commons were calm and unexcited. Questioned in rather a singular manner by Mr. Marsh with respect to the promised Bill for the redistribution of seats, Mr. Gladstone said he should take an opportunity, in the course of the debate, of obviating any misunderstanding as to the intentions of the Government on that subject. Unless he could get a day from ministers between the second reading of the Franchise Bill and the Budget—which could not be promised—Sir F. Kelly declined to cede his right to bring on his malt-tax motion on Tuesday. Although it was not, perhaps, very apparent why Mr. Maguire should take a prominent part in the discussion on the English Bill, yet he had a good house and good audience for a speech which was not national. His tone was intentionally argumentative; but even in his personality he was not warm and impulsive, as he is when Ireland is his topic. His object may well have been—judging from subsequent circumstances—to show that he, as an Irish Liberal, proposed to "honor" his to his creed. Mr. Maguire spoke from the Opposition side (his usual place) in favour of the Government; and Lord Dunskellin rose at the back of ministers to signify his—temporary, as he said—dislike from them, and to make a speech carefully got up, and delivered with surprising glibness and success. It seemed as if Mr. W. E. Forster's cue was not to notice the political deserter whom he followed, for he never troubled himself with any of Lord Dunskellin's not very new or original arguments, but took a cue of his own, which was a very plain and simple exposition of the social and political condition, and the personal characteristics, of the working classes. This he delivered in a gentle and kindly manner, and with a sort of coaxing of the Opposition not to be so frightened at that class as they pretended themselves. Another Irish Liberal, Mr. McNamee, read his resignation, and pronounced against the Franchise Bill; and the small house having arrived, other small members made it all their own way, as usual. There was no little contest amongst them for a hearing, and they rose in battalions. It may possibly be improper to put Mr. Adderley amongst the minor debaters; but it may be said that he was one of those who occupied the house devoted to the exertions of that class. The critical moment of the evening was seized by Mr. Layard, on whom the Opposition made a set attack, ironically cheering his very first sentence, and jeering him all through, with a palpable design to put him out of temper—a thing which it is supposed in the house is not hard to accomplish. The situation was trying, because this was a member Mr. Heywood's cue in a party debate; for hitherto he has confined himself, if not altogether, to speaking on the specialties of his department. He bore a very trying ordeal well, evincing a self-command for which he has not always had credit. Twice or thrice there were positive rows, owing to the excited state into which some gentlemen in white ties suffered themselves to be put by some of Mr. Layard's outspoken statements. These gentlemen were pronounced by the Speaker to be very much out of order indeed. After a series of calm but cutting sarcasms on parts of the speech of the gentleman whom he followed, Sir H. Cairns glided into one of those ingenious, subtle arguments which he brings into the house from the forum, but which are redeemed from being mere foretaste exhortations by touches here and there of parliamentary style and tactics. The hon. gentleman broke the charm which has hitherto brought on the adjournment of the debate at twelve o'clock, for it was much after one when he concluded, and past two before the house separated.

THE LATE COLONEL HASSARD.—The last news from the front tells us of another victory gained by the imperial and colonial forces over the rebels, purchased, alas! too dearly by the loss of a gallant and distinguished officer, who was mortally wounded on the occasion—Lieutenant-Colonel Jason Hassard, of the 57th Regiment. On the 3rd of October, 1844, the lamented gentleman obtained a commission, and shortly afterwards he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 57th, the "West Middlesex" Regiment of Foot. In this fine regiment, known as the "Albion's 'Die hards,'" the late Colonel Hassard gradually rose. On the 18th of May, 1848, he obtained his lieutenantcy, and on the 6th of June, 1851, he was gazetted as a captain. The regiment was then quartered at Orford, and in 1854 received orders to embark for the Crimea. During the Russian war they were hotly engaged, and Captain Hassard was present at most of the glorious events in that gigantic struggle between the most powerful nations in Europe. With the storming columns at the assaults of the Redan on the 18th of June and the 8th of September he greatly distinguished himself; and again, during the expedition to Kinburn, he was favourably mentioned in despatches, and as a reward of his gallantry received the Sardinian, Turkish, and Crimean medals and clasps, the fifth class of the Medjidie, and major's brevet. At the termination of hostilities the regiment proceeded to Malta, and thence in 1858 to Bombay. During the first year of the service of his regiment in India Major Hassard was with the depot in Cork; but in the early part of 1860 he arrived in Poona in charge of recruits forwarded from Cork to the head-quarters of the regiment. At the end of the year the 57th embarked for New Zealand, where they have remained ever since. Major Hassard did not accompany the regiment, but followed it shortly after, and since his arrival in this country he has been actively engaged in quelling the rebellion. The latter years of his service have been no life of ease. He served with his regiment during the war of 1861; again, in 1863, his name was favourably mentioned, and more lately in General Cameron's campaign he was heard of. In September last he was gazetted as brevet Lieutenant-colonel, but he has not lived long to enjoy his promotion, for on Saturday last he fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his men to the assault of Otepawa. Within the palisades of this formidable pah he was hit in the lungs and chest, and thus ended his life, for twenty-one years of which he had served his country with distinction. He lived and died a soldier, and his name as a kindly gentleman and a gallant officer will long be remembered by the gallant "Die hards" with whom he had served so long. Colonel Hassard leaves a widow and a number of friends to mourn their irreparable loss, but it must be a satisfaction in their bereavement to know that he died in harness, leading on his men, his death their arms, and his requiem their shouts of victory.—*Wellington (New Zealand) Independent.*

GAROTTING A YOUNG LADY AT SHEFFIELD.—On Saturday evening a young lady, while returning home at Sheffield, was suddenly seized round the neck by a thief who had followed her, and who pressed her throat in the regular garotte fashion, and at the same time attempted to possess himself of a satchel containing her purse. The lady struggled, and succeeded in so far disengaging herself as to be able to scream for help. So determined was the garotte to get possession of the purse that in the struggle both fell to the ground. Some of the neighbours, hearing the cries, went to their doors, and then the fellow got up and coolly walked across the street, taking the lady's umbrella, all he could get from her, with him. Attention was quickly directed to him, and when he saw he was about to be pursued he dropped the umbrella, took to his heels, and, having got a good start, ran down a short, dark street, and effected his escape.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

A RECENT number of the *Evenement* (a Paris paper) is most interesting. It contains the fac-simile of a very spirited sketch by the young Prince Imperial, as well as a description of his suite of rooms at the Tuilleries and an account of the manner in which his time is spent. His tiny library is described as containing a pair of globes and a collection of classic books, well thumbed, the bindings considerably the worse for wear, and not altogether innocent of ink stains. The Prince's schoolroom table bears unmistakable marks of a penknife, and is scratched over after the most orthodox schoolboy fashion. His inkstand is of the commonest depth. A paper weight, surmounted by an equestrian figure of the first emperor of a single block of ivory, and busts of the present Emperor and Empress, likewise in ivory, are the only ornaments of this very plebeian study. Two chairs are all it contains; that of the tutor is in good condition, the second, which is raised, has its straw bottom considerably damaged, the bars worn, and is altogether anything but imperial in appearance. Some shelves of the library are filled by English books, which the Prince reads in preference to any others. The bedroom has been lately re-furnished, the walls are lined with blue satin, and the ceiling painted in blue. A picture, given by the late Duke of Morny, of which the subject is "Religion protecting Childhood," occupies the alcove. A large branch of box is pinned against the satin, and several small crosses and medals are suspended beneath this relic. A very beautiful copy of a Byzantine chapel, containing a ciborium, stands on a chest of drawers, and a picture of General Flory's children is hung opposite the bed. Miss Shaw, the English nurse who has had the care of the Prince Imperial since his birth, still occupies a dressing-room next his sleeping apartment, and has the charge of his wardrobe, superintends his dressing, and watches over his health. She is devotedly attached to "Monsieur," of whom she has just reason to be proud, and her young charge warmly returns her devotion to him. In the playroom are an extensive collection of drums, guns, theatres, whole regiments, a magic lantern, two canons big gilt from China, a hobby horse, and every variety of ball, top, &c. The prince is extremely intelligent; history and cosmography are his favourite studies. M. Monnier related an instance of his quickness of comprehension which is worth recording. M. Monnier had read to him the legend of Cadmus, the Phoenician founder of the city in Boeotia, who destroyed the dragon guardian of a fountain, and raised an army of warriors by sowing the monster's teeth, which army destroyed itself. The prince listened to the legend, and at once said, "Cadmus is civilisation. The dragon is barbarism, impeding all access to the fountain—that is enlightenment. The triumph of Cadmus is that of civilisation. The army of soldiers destroying each other in civil war is the agitation of factious spirits whom no Government can banish from a country."

ROMANTIC ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY IN THE WEST RIDING.—An extrovert robbery of jewellery from a gentleman in the West Riding has just taken place under peculiarly distressing circumstances. It seems that Captain Oliver, who resides at Bolton Lodge, near Tadcaster, has for the last three months frequently lost several articles of jewellery from his residence, and in consequence he was compelled to communicate with the West Riding police. Inspector Hockaday was instructed to investigate the matter, but failed for some time to trace the depredators. Ultimately, from information received from a York jeweller, he ascertained that a "young gentleman" had been exhibiting in his shop what was presumed to be a portion of the stolen property. Mr. Bell, silversmith, York, to whose shop the property was first taken, had his suspicions aroused, and gave such information as led to the capture of the party dealing with the stolen property. In the village of Nunappleton near York, two young gentlemen, closely allied to the aristocracy, were located with a clergyman as pupil. They were frequent visitors at Captain Oliver's residence. One of them is understood to be the son of an Irish viscount; the other, the nephew of one of our wealthy English peers. On Friday week, a young gentleman called at Mr. Bell's, jeweller's shop, and asked the value of the above gold box and a gold watch. Later on, another young gentleman sold the same to Mr. Heselgrave, a York jeweller. To trace the articles, with the parties dealing with them, was the next difficulty. From the description given this was overcome, and they were recognised as the aforesaid young viscount and his aristocratic acquaintance. The latter vehemently declared the articles to have been given to him by his friend, who was immediately apprehended. This youthful son of Irish nobility, who is only seventeen years of age, is now lodged in Tadcaster police cells, awaiting his examination. We believe the whole of the articles have been traced to the prisoner. The young gentleman apprehended by Inspector Hockaday was, on Saturday last, at the Tadcaster Police-station, brought before Captain Shann, a West Riding magistrate. He was then charged, in the name of Henry King, with the robberies at Captain Oliver's, but was remanded until Monday for the purpose of adding evidence. The articles stolen are a gold seal, with red cornelian stone; a gold snuff-box; six gold seals, with amethyst stones and gold settings; a gold watch; a gold locket; a filigree fan; a silver pencil-case; a gold thimble; two Dresden china dials; and an ivory box.—*Leeds Mercury.*

ELOPEMENT.—An elopement is reported from Guildford. It appears that Mr. Routh, supposed to be a clerk in London, and whose father is said to occupy a high position in the army, has for some time been corresponding with the daughter of Mr. Hockley, a solicitor of some local eminence at Guildford. The friends of the young lady obtained information respecting this, and, as they hoped, put a stop to it. They were rather startled on Saturday by finding that the girl had eloped with her lover, who had arrived in the neighbourhood with a friend. They met at Godalming, walked to Whitley Station, and there booked for London. The girl's disappearance becoming known, her relatives telegraphed to the station-master at Guildford, and communicated with the police at Godalming. When the train stopped at Guildford the station-master found the runaways, and prevailed upon them to alight. There was quite a scene, the girl saying she was of age, and declaring that she would never leave Mr. Routh, and the police and her father, who soon reached the station, using all means to persuade her to go home. Her father seems to have been equally determined, and the young fellow went for a magistrate to set him in getting off with his girl. Whilst he was away, the father persuaded the girl to get into his carriage by promising that when they got to Godalming matters should be quietly arranged. She was at once driven home, and Mr. Routh on his return talked freely of his intentions, declaring that by stratagem if not by more ordinary means, he would again obtain possession of Miss Hockley. There was a considerable crowd at Guildford Station during the time of the dispute.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—if so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; this preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years and ver., highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and save in doses; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and always all pain relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea. Whether it arises from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price is 1d. per bottle. Sold by chemists everywhere. Principal office, 206, High Holborn, London.—[Advertisement.]

Varieties.

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.—Stephens.—
Punch

WHY is a doll like Jilly?—Because it is made with eyes in glass.—Fun

A GOOD GUESS AT A TAILOR'S NAME.—Mr. So-and-so

FACIT PER SE.—Is there anything strange in Emmons being a sea-port?—Fun

WHEN is a sailor most like a thief?—When he takes a messmate's watch.—Fun

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.—Punch

A STRAY SHOT.—If a bankrupt gets a first-class certificate does that license him to shoot the poor?—Fun

"My lodgings is on the cold ground." Will this entitle me to the new franchise?—Query.—Punch

REAL ENTHUSIASM.—Pumps is such a thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.—Punch

UNPARLIAMENTARY.—An honourable member who has a slight impediment in his speech said the other night he would see the Reform Bill "Bobbed!" before he'd vote for it.—Fun

AN IRISHMAN who was engaged at a drain, and had his pickaxeman in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more until after dinner, let go the pickaxe and left it hanging there.—American Paper.

THAT was a triumphant appeal of the lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

PAPA, reading in hearing of an intelligent child—"The men were mustered on the deck preparatory to the disembarkation." "Oh, papa," said the child, "how funny the men must have looked, all over mustard."

A BREWER'S SWAILINGS.

Oh! Mary Ann, oh! Mary Ann,
Since I beheld the first,
My hopes are bitter—our my malt,
I'm altered for the worst.

To see thee was at once to love,
My heart could not refuse,
'Twas deeply wounded. Don't you see
How readily I brews?

I won thy smiles—they've turned to frowns!
No wonder I look pale,
To think that thou who once "sweet wert"
Can't now so "bitter rail!"

—Fun

A YOUNG GIRL at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun? In reply, the fair girl, blushing deeply, and with some little hesitation, said, "It is both common and proper!"

A CELEBRATED Oxford scholar who professed indifference to music, was once asked what he had thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture. He replied that he only was impressed "by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows."

A COVERT MEANING.

What is the difference between a hunt and a hot breakfast?

In the latter case you come to the cover before the meat, in the former to the meat before the cover.

—Fun.

FORTUNATE GROOMS.—In consequence of the great popularity attained by the sensation literature of the day, many romantic young ladies have gone off with their grooms. We are happy to learn, however, that in every case the happy objects of their choice have been highly respectable bridegrooms.

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence—and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S MAXIMS.

Never say dye until you've had your silk turned twice.

Good wine needs no bush, but home-made champagne does need the gooseberry-bush.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched; and avoid, as much as possible, having them in your breakfast eggs.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a stale loaf will go further than new bread.

—Fun.

ALFONSO LOMBARDI, a celebrated sculptor to the Emperor Charles V, was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foolish manner. She was his partner at ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, said, with a fantastic gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, what is it?"—"Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

HONESTY.—A boy, whose honesty is more to be commended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in a country village to exchange for goods. The butter having a very beautiful appearance, and the merchant being desirous of procuring such for his own use, invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother had to spare. "I think," said the boy, "she can't spare any more, for she said she would not have spared this, only a rat fell into the cream, and she did not like to use it herself."

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